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Of these, soundlessly swarming across the rice triangle of South East Asia, the most harmful and widespread are the lepidopterous stem borers. These insects, caterpillars of small moths, are of several species. Hatched on the leaves of the crop, they swiftly bore deep into the plant itself and so begin a cycle of destruction which expands as it con-

tinues, for each caterpillar may in turn attack several plants. For centuries, because of the hunger of stem borers, man's own rice bowl has been but partly filled.

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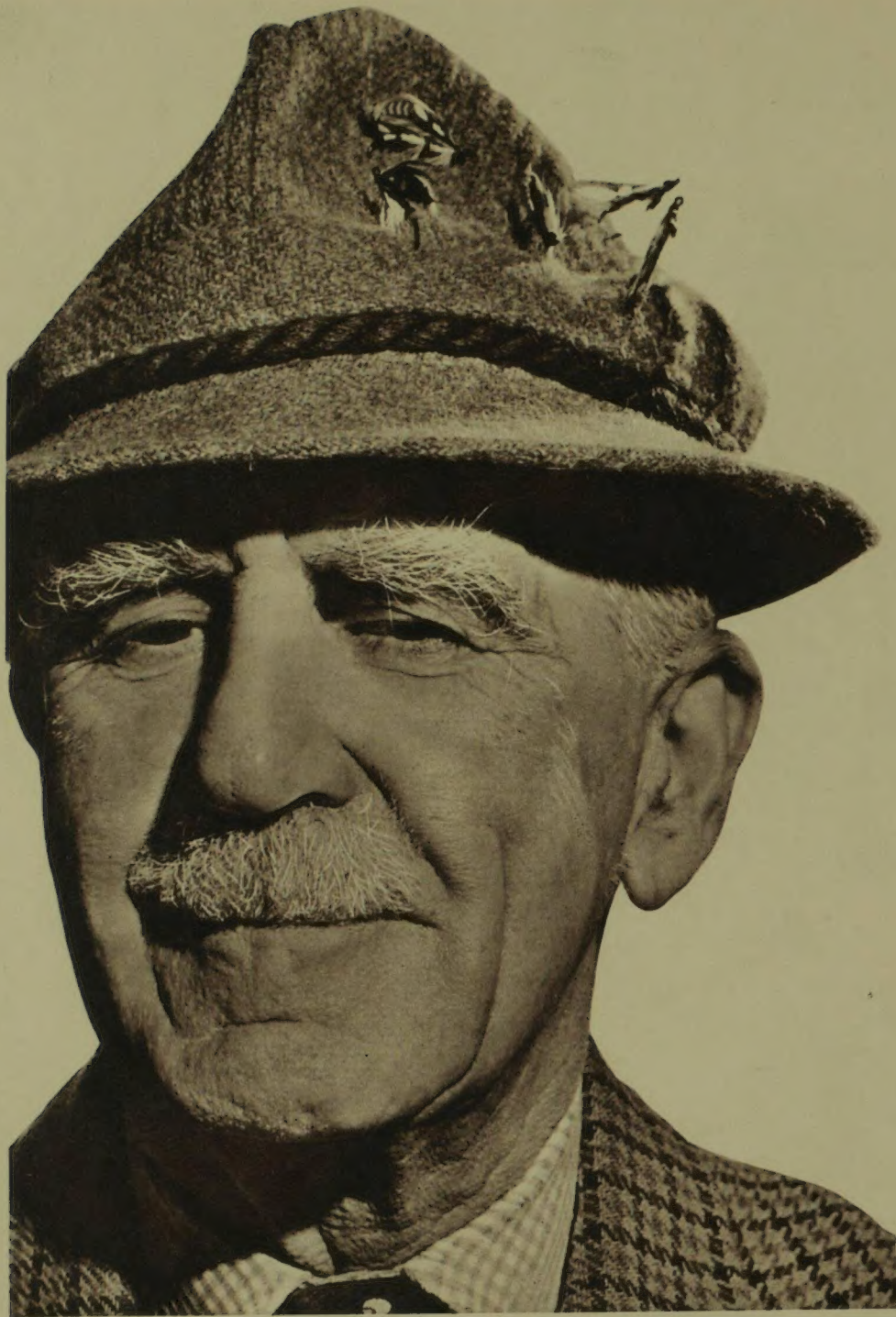
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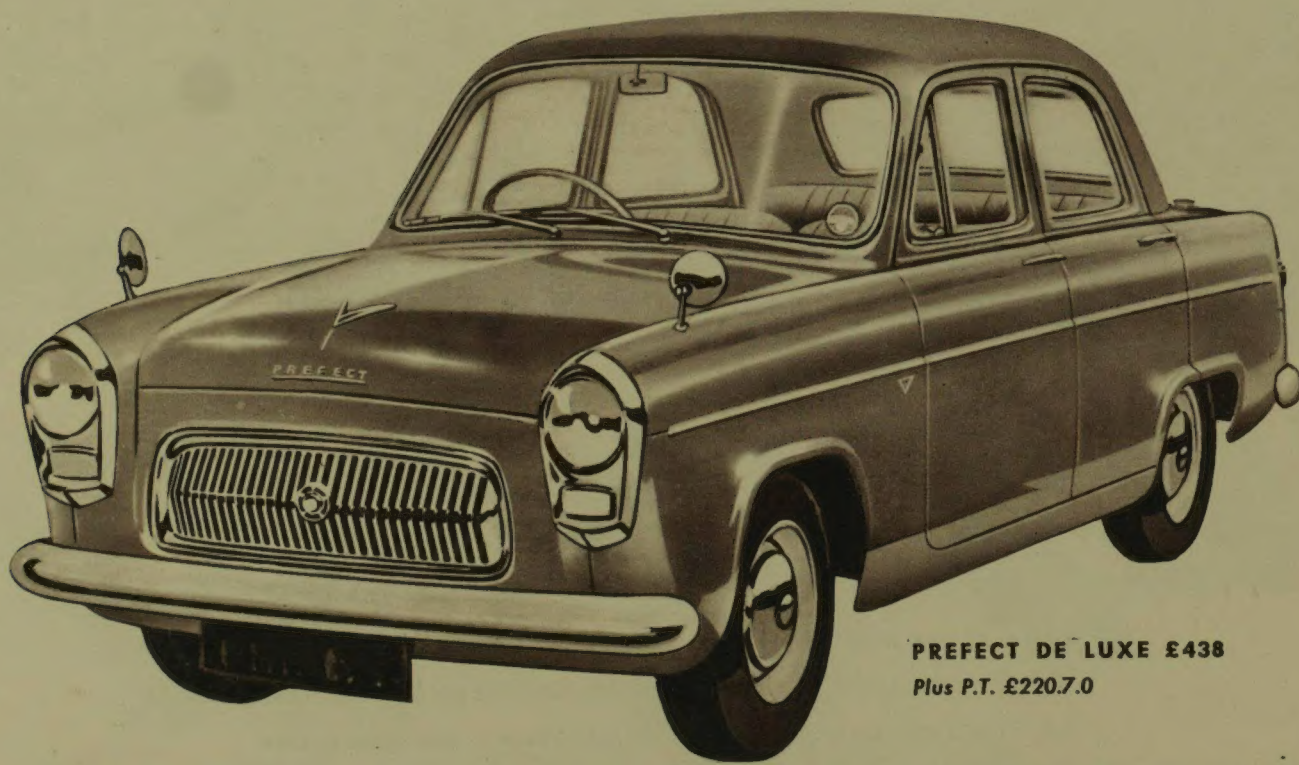
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Boiled Lobster

There is nothing esoteric about plain boiled lobster, but it makes a better picture than the more complicated lobster dishes, some of which are briefly described below.

A Guinness Guide to Lobster on the Menu

THE JUSTIFICATION of the language of the menu is that if it did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. Self-explanatory names in English would be long and cumbersome. Some of the expressions you may encounter when lobster is on the menu are explained here.

SOME FAMOUS LOBSTER DISHES

LOBSTER CARDINAL. For this the meat is removed from the shell and cooked in lobster sauce and brandy. Then it is put back into the shell and browned under the grill. **LOBSTER AMERICAINE.** The flesh is taken from the shell and flared in brandy. Then lobster stock, with

a little garlic and brandy, is added, and the cooking completed. Served with rice. **LOBSTER NEWBURG.** Also served with rice, but cooked in lobster stock, brandy and cream. **LOBSTER NORMANDE.** The flesh is taken from the shell very carefully so as not to break it. It is steamed, and served with a white wine sauce, cream, butter and lemon, and garnished with fried shrimps and mushrooms.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR. The flesh is removed from the shell, and flared in brandy, then cooked in white wine sauce, with herbs and shallots. Back in the shell, it is sprinkled with grated cheese and gratinée under the grill.

LOBSTER AND GUINNESS. Guinness has a special affinity for shell fish of every kind: oysters and Guinness, for example, have been table companions for generations. With the kingly lobster its clean appetising taste goes particularly well; and lobster, in any of the forms here described, is happy to share a table with a cool dark Guinness.

**THE APPETISING TASTE
OF GUINNESS IS
SPLENDID WITH LOBSTER**

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1957.



JOURNEY'S END: MAYFLOWER II, RIDING AT HER MOORINGS IN THE HARBOUR OF PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

Mayflower II, which set sail from Plymouth, Devon, on April 20, took up her moorings in the harbour of Plymouth, Massachusetts, over against the pillared canopy which houses Plymouth Rock, on the morning of June 13. On the previous day she had reached Provincetown, on the other side of the bay, having accepted a tow for the last few miles, in order not to disappoint the crowds and the reception committee at Plymouth. On the following morning, however, a favouring wind enabled her to sail across Cape Cod Bay with her sails well filled. At the narrow entrance to the harbour her sails were furled

and she was towed to her mooring buoy. We show her at this point, just as the shallop manned with eight oarsmen and a coxswain, all descendants of the original settlers, which had put out from Plymouth Rock, is approaching *Mayflower II*'s quarter. She was greeted with a tremendous welcome from the thousands of sightseers who thronged the waterside and by a host of small boats and a number of aircraft, including helicopters. After a series of welcoming ceremonies, Captain Villiers and his ship's company of thirty-two, including four journalists, came ashore for a round of festivities.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

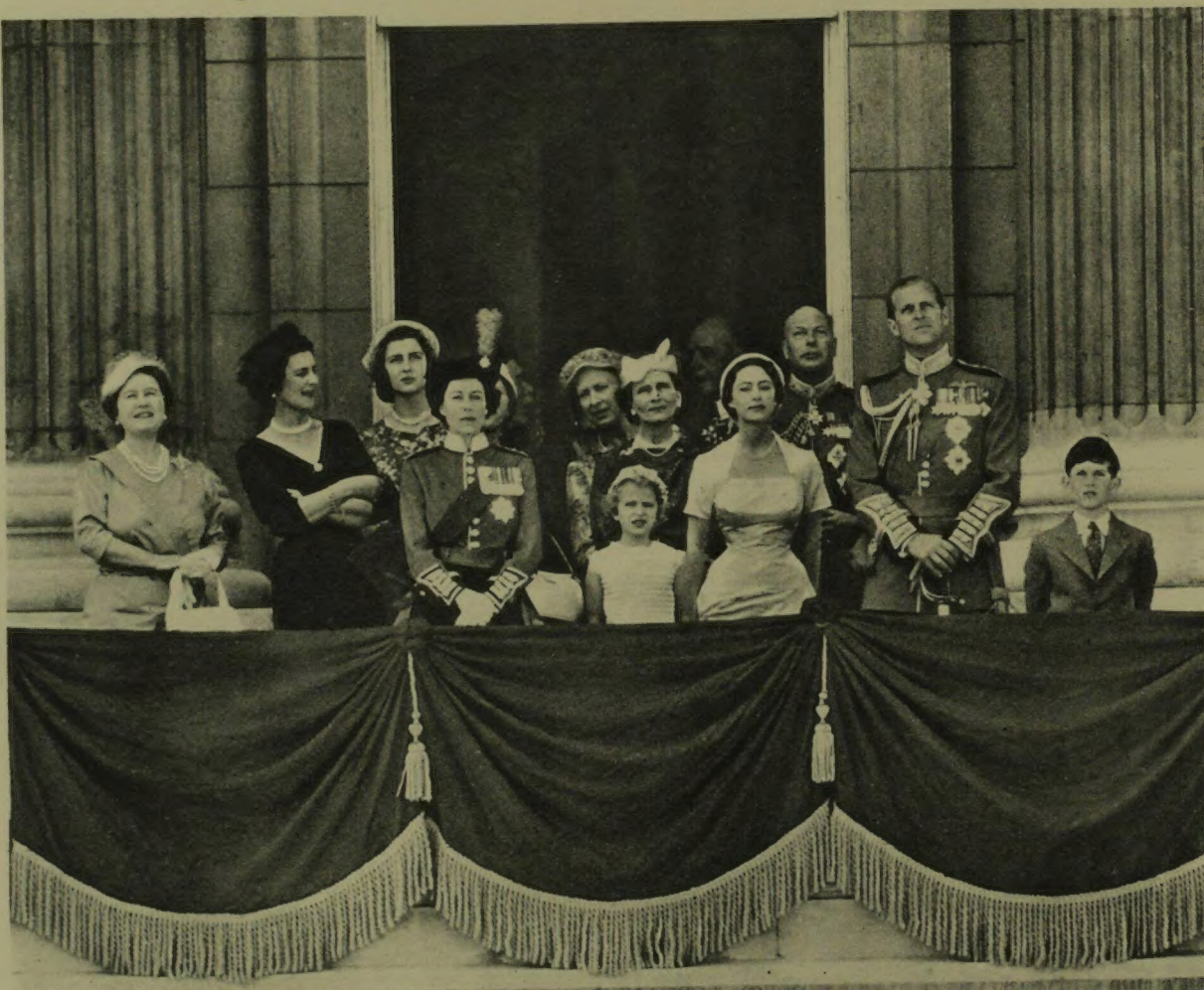
THE lives of artists are seldom easy in this country. England was once a great artistic country, whose painters, architects and craftsmen in the days, first of ecclesiastical, and later of aristocratic patronage, produced work inferior to none in the world. The spire of Salisbury and the towers of Canterbury, King's College Chapel and St. Paul's dome, the portraits of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough and the landscapes of Constable, the furniture of Kent and Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, are as great in their own way as the finest masterpieces of France and Italy. But that was long ago. Since the social triumph of the industrial bourgeoisie in the nineteenth century and of their proletarian successors in the twentieth, the place of the artist in England—I cannot speak for Scotland, Wales or Ireland—has been a declining one. To-day, under the Welfare State, it is almost impossible for him, unless he is exceptionally fortunate, to live solely by his art. A small, fashionable clique of rich patrons, not a few of them *arrivistes* or cranks, an occasional official commission by a Department of State or a Local Government Authority, the patronage of Big Business may provide a few fashionable artists and designers with temporary fame and even wealth, but such favours

have usually little to do with permanent artistic merit and are based on the passing crazes and fashions of the hour. Patronage to produce a school of great art must derive from patrons with a consistent canon of faith and taste, and few of the scanty patrons of to-day have either. The artist, therefore, works, so far as he is able to work at his art at all, in a vacuum. This largely accounts for the meaningless and bewildering exhibitionism—a temple to an unknown god—that so often passes for art to-day. The capacity of man to create beauty exists in this island as in the past, and the fact is dimly, if not enthusiastically, recognised, but the key to doing so has been lost. One has only to look at the concrete lamp-posts created by our civic authorities, the sculptured imagery plastered on our latest public and commercial buildings, or the poverty-stricken negation and feverish striving for novelty of what is called "contemporary" design to realise how lost.

Yet it may, perhaps, be said that the supremely great artist will produce his work, even if he cannot flourish, under almost any set of social circumstances; the flame of genius burns within him so brightly that it cannot be altogether dimmed. It is the more workaday, less soaring artist of merit and distinction who is crowded out under our present system. Everything conspires to prevent him from pursuing his vocation as a regular and economically self-sufficing profession. Even modern technical processes and the rapidity with which one new invention displaces another make the gradual and cumulative achievement of artistic mastery, once so common in Britain, difficult if not impossible. Thus the camera, and more recently the news film and television, have largely replaced the artist as a medium for portraying contemporary events. When I was a boy one of my greatest happinesses was to lie on the floor of my father's library and turn over the pages of the huge bound folios of *The Illustrated London News* from its foundation in 1842 to the outbreak of the Japanese-Russian War in the Pacific then raging. These were illustrated by a long line of distinguished artists, ranging from the great Constantin Guys, who represented the paper in the Crimean War, and R. T. Landells, who accompanied the Prussian Armies on their advance to Paris and was present at the Proclamation of the German Empire in the Palace of Versailles, to Melton Prior, who illustrated all the chief wars of the last three decades of the nineteenth century and of the first of the twentieth. Drawn by artists of real imaginative insight and high technical

skill, these drawings conveyed so much more vividly than any photograph the nature, drama and tragedy of war. Through their eyes I was able to visualise, and even more important feel, the impact of these contests as though I had almost taken part in them. It is indeed difficult for me—so powerful was the artist's impress—not to believe that I was actually present during the siege of Paris. For when the German armies were closing round it, M. Jules Pelcoq volunteered to be shut up in the doomed city so that he could supply—by balloon post—*The Illustrated London News* with first-hand pictorial copy depicting the horrors he shared. I can still see the rats hanging in the butchers' shops, the starved, anxious faces of women and children standing in queues outside the empty markets, the German shells bursting in the streets as soldiers and civilians ran, many of them too late, for cover. Many of M. Pelcoq's sketches were, I believe, finished in bed, where, in the absence of fuel, he was forced to take shelter from the agonising cold of that terrible siege-winter; his art gained thereby in realism and vividness of impact; I still shiver as I think of it.

THE QUEEN TAKING THE R.A.F. SALUTE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



DURING THE FLY-PAST OF R.A.F. VALIANTS ON HER MAJESTY'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY: THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE BALCONY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

This year the Queen's official birthday was celebrated on June 13—a day of brilliant sunshine in London. After the Trooping the Colour ceremony the Queen took the salute from the balcony at Buckingham Palace during the fly-past of nine *Valiant* four-jet bombers at 1 p.m. It was the first time that *Valiants* of Bomber Command have given this annual Royal Air Force salute, which is undertaken in turn by the operational Commands of the service. Our photograph of the Royal family on the balcony at Buckingham Palace during the R.A.F. fly-past shows: (l. to r.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; the Duchess of Kent; Princess Alexandra; H.M. the Queen; the Princess Royal; the Duchess of Gloucester; Princess Anne; Princess Margaret; the Duke of Gloucester; the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cornwall.

delicacy and accuracy while other cars crashed past a few feet away and rain lashed down. . . . The picture literally sprang to life as his charcoal moved with swift, nervous strokes over the paper.* During the last war this capacity for achieving fine and delicate work at high speed and under conditions of great stress—one of the highest tests of craftsmanship—resulted in many remarkable drawings of troops in action, all of them based on the most careful and painstaking examination of the facts, as well as on first-hand visual impressions. At the outbreak of war in 1939 de Grineau was the only official artist to be accredited to a British newspaper, and henceforward he continued to illustrate the war in all its many phases in these pages. He was the first to bring to the office of *The Illustrated London News* the unofficial tidings of the Dunkirk evacuation in which he participated, and four years later his drawings of the invasion and liberation of Europe often arrived at the office crumpled and splashed with mud. Everything he did bore the hallmark of the true artist's perception of truth and his conscientious love of, and devotion to, his task. He was, in the words of the Obituary of him in *The Times*, "a fine artist, an excellent teacher and a most charming and kindly man." He was also the last transmitter of a great tradition of artistic journalism whose highest standards he unfailingly preserved.

* *The Times*, May 24, 1957.

A GARTER CEREMONY; AND FRENCH RESISTANCE GUESTS OF THE PREMIER.



THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER WITH MR. MACMILLAN (RIGHT) AND MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.

On June 15, after the unveiling of a plaque by the Queen Mother at No. 1, Dorset Square, the wartime H.Q. of the Special Operations Executive, a number of men and women of the French Resistance, who had attended the ceremony, went on to an informal luncheon given by Mr. Macmillan at No. 10, Downing Street.



AT THE GARTER INVESTITURE CEREMONY ON JUNE 17: THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WALKING IN THE PROCESSION AT WINDSOR.



AFTER THE INVESTITURE OF THE NEW KNIGHTS: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THEIR MAGNIFICENT GARTER ROBES.



THE TWO NEW KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER AFTER THEIR INVESTITURE: LORD ISMAY (LEFT) AND LORD MIDDLETON IN THE PROCESSION AT WINDSOR.

On a day of brilliant sunshine her Majesty, who is Sovereign of the Order, invested two new Knight Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter in a picturesque ceremony in the Throne Room at Windsor Castle. The two new Knights were Lord Ismay, who has recently



SOME OF THE KNIGHTS WHO ATTENDED THE CEREMONY: (L. TO R.) LORD ALEXANDER, LORD MONTGOMERY, LORD ALAN BROOKE, LORD PORTAL AND LORD SALISBURY.

retired as Secretary-General of N.A.T.O., and Lord Middleton, who is Lord-Lieutenant for the East Riding of Yorkshire. After the investiture the traditional Garter luncheon was held in the Waterloo Chamber, which was followed by the installation service in St. George's Chapel.

ROYAL OCCASIONS WITH AN INTERNATIONAL FLAVOUR: IN WEST GERMANY AND ENGLAND.



AFTER SEEING THE STRATFORD PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT": H.M. THE QUEEN CHATTING WITH MEMBERS OF THE CAST. On June 14 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a six-hour visit to Stratford-on-Avon. Besides seeing "As You Like It," they visited Shakespeare's birthplace and Holy Trinity Church in which he is buried.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LEAVING HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, BETWEEN LINES OF WOLF CUBS AND BROWNIES, WHO MADE A PLEASING "GUARD OF HONOUR."



ON THE OCCASION OF HER UNVEILING A PLAQUE IN MEMORY OF FREE FRENCH ACTIVITIES: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER (RIGHT) AT DORSET SQUARE.

On June 15, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother unveiled at No. 1, Dorset Square, Marylebone, a plaque in memory of the men and women of the Free French Forces, this house being the headquarters from 1940 for the carrying out of subversive warfare in enemy-occupied territory. For this occasion the new French Premier, M. Bourges-Maunoury, who was himself one of the Resistance leaders, came over from France.



AT THE DORSET SQUARE CEREMONY: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH (RIGHT) M. BOURGES-MAUNOURY AND (LEFT) THE COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH TROOPS WHO ATTENDED.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE ROYAL CANADIAN REGT. IN GERMANY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SMILING AT WINNERS OF A "FAST DRESSING" COMPETITION. On June 11 Prince Philip paid a flying trip to Soest, North Germany, for an informal visit to the 1st Bn., The Royal Canadian Regt., of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. He lunched in the mess and also met many of the senior N.C.O.s and referred to the Queen's forthcoming visit to North America.



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE QUEEN, ESCORTED BY MAJOR G. C. COLES, INSPECTING A DETACHMENT OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES IN THE PALACE GARDEN. On June 11 the Queen inspected a detachment of The King's African Rifles in the garden of Buckingham Palace. The detachment arrived in London at the end of May to take part in the Royal Tournament at Earls Court (which was visited by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cornwall on June 12); the Edinburgh Festival and the Woolwich Tattoo.

FIRE AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW; AND A BUS TRAGEDY IN OXFORD STREET.



FIRE AT RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW: THE GRANDSTAND BLAZES IN THE BACKGROUND, WHILE IN THE SHOW RING THE POLICE HORSES TAKING PART IN THE SHOW STAND QUIETLY BEFORE THE UNDISMAYED SPECTATORS. FIFTEEN PEOPLE WERE INJURED, MOST ONLY SLIGHTLY.

On June 14, the third day of the Richmond Royal Horse Show, in brilliant weather, during the parade of mounted police, flames, fanned by a stiff wind, swept through the main stand of the show, which was being held in the Richmond Athletic Ground, Rosslyn

Park. The restaurant and stand were burnt to the ground and a marquee stabling 200 horses was threatened. Much damage was done, but this was overcome by hard work and the last day was held with undiminished amenities and, indeed, a record attendance.



A TRAGIC BUS ACCIDENT IN OXFORD STREET IN WHICH EIGHT PERSONS WERE KILLED AND TEN INJURED WHEN A NO. 7 BUS MOUNTED THE PAVEMENT AND PLOUGHED THROUGH A WAITING BUS QUEUE: THE SCENE AS AMBULANCE MEN REMOVED SOME OF THE VICTIMS ON STRETCHERS.

On the afternoon of June 13 a No. 7 bus, bound for Acton, mounted the pavement at the corner of Harewood Place and Oxford Street, which was then crowded with shoppers, and ran down at a slow pace a group of people waiting at a bus signpost, which was razed

by the bus. Seven people were killed and eleven injured, one of whom later died in hospital. The driver of the bus was understood to have suffered a "blackout"; and the fullest investigations into the accident were begun by London Transport.

SO France has got a Government. At least at the moment when the statement was committed to paper it was believed to be true. The position appears to be, roughly, that the Deputies had at last come to the conclusion, which had long before been clear to everybody else, that, since a number of important decisions were awaiting attention, it would, on the whole, be desirable to provide a Government to attend to them. That seems to be all that is demanded of it. As for how long it is likely to last, the more enthusiastic or optimistic give it until after the holidays. Who would care to lead such a Government? Yet there are always candidates, apart from those infinitely subtle individuals uninterested at the moment, but conducting campaigns which they hope may lead to the Prime Minister's office next time but two.

It is fatally easy for a foreigner to mock at French domestic politics, as easy as for a Frenchman to despise and detest them. They are, indeed, marked both by the ridiculous and the displeasing. Apart from the technical difficulties of forming and preserving majorities—themselves by no means inevitable, as the experience of some other countries with a multiplicity of parties proves—the cynical attitude of the Deputies themselves, the chaffing of parties over bargains destined not to be honestly fulfilled, and some

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

M. BOURGES-MAUNOURY'S TIGHT-ROPE ACT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

office. He was closely identified with the Suez affair, and is known to have approved of it almost with passion. Despite his rapid rise to the top, political observers are inclined to rate him at something under first-class. The other appointments that concern us are those of M. Pineau to his old post, the Foreign Ministry, M. Lacoste to his old Algerian post, and M. Max Lejeune, a Socialist, to that of Minister for the Sahara. This last is new and interesting. It is one more step in the policy of making the Sahara self-sufficing and separating it from Algeria, so saving something from the wreck, if there is to be one.

It must be confessed that most of what M. Bourges-Maunoury had to say in his speech to the National Assembly on June 12 did not inspire admiration. It contained the most trite features of the political stock-in-trade. For example, the relations proposed for France with the Arab world and with Israel are a sheer impossibility—France cannot be equally friendly with both sides while their hostility remains what it is to-day. If he

retained. From what is known of the Prime Minister's own sentiments, his policy is not likely to be more yielding to Nationalist demands than that of his predecessor. It may prove to be less so. It can never be too strongly stressed that the British tendency to look upon this as an ordinary colonial problem is mistaken. Algiers is a "colony" in the old and strictly correct sense, territory which has been largely colonised by the French.

If you discuss the future of Algeria with Frenchmen, nearly all, however inventive, end by confessing themselves baffled. Their conclusion is that they cannot see how France can desert this large and expanding population of her own blood. In Morocco the situation was different. It was a protectorate, of relatively recent standing. The proportion of the *colons* to the total population was small. If all the former had withdrawn from the country, it would have been distressing, but not a major disaster. Actually, the vast majority have elected to stay and will continue to do so while the country has a government as broad-minded as at present. Algeria has long been a part of France beyond the Mediterranean and the large French population is tied to it.

On the other hand, the ferocity of the extreme Nationalists makes the problem very hard to solve. They have now taken, as we have seen, to wholesale murder not only of those considered



AFTER THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE OF JUNE 12: THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER, M. BOURGES-MAUNOURY (THIRD FROM LEFT, FRONT ROW), PRESENTS HIS CABINET TO THE PRESIDENT, M. COTY, WITH WHOM HE IS SHAKING HANDS AT THE ELYSEE PALACE ON JUNE 13.

In this photograph may be seen M. Bourges-Maunoury's new Government, which won its first vote of confidence with 240 votes for, 194 against, with more than 130 abstentions. Left to right, front row, are: M. André Morice (Dissident Radical), National Defence; General Corniglion-Molinier (Republican Left Rally), Justice; M. Maurice Bourges-Maunoury (Socialist Radical), Prime Minister; President Coty; M. Houphouët-Boigny (Democratic African Rally), Minister of State; M. Christian Pineau (Socialist), Foreign

Affairs; M. Félix Gaillard (Socialist Radical), Finance; M. Robert Lacoste (Socialist), Algeria. (Back row, left to right) M. Max Lejeune (Socialist), Sahara; M. André Dulin (Senator, Socialist Radical), Ex-servicemen; M. René Billères (Socialist Radical), Education; M. Gerard Jacquet (Socialist), Overseas France; M. Gilbert-Jules (Senator, Socialist Radical), Interior; M. Edouard Bonnefous (Democratic and Socialist Union of the Resistance), Transport and Public Works; and M. Albert Gazier (Socialist), Social Affairs.

other features of French parliamentary life make one ask what right these representatives of France have to that position. Yet some among them are undoubtedly competent Ministers.

This latest Government is a shade nearer the centre—which means, of course, towards the right—than that which it follows after a considerable interval. It contains greater strength from the party of the new Prime Minister, M. Bourges-Maunoury. This is the party which I was brought up to call Radical Socialist, but to which *The Times* has induced me to give a title at first sounding pedantic but conveying the true meaning, Socialist Radical. This is also the party which provides the majority of Prime Ministers nowadays, to some extent because it has more able men than others, but even more because it occupies a good strategic position from which to start a grouping to either side. Most of the other Ministers are Socialists.

The Prime Minister, M. Maurice Bourges-Maunoury, is little known in this country. I took an interest in him because he was so often connected with defence and seemed more devoted to that than to politics. He is young and cannot have been out of his thirties when he first held

were genius pure and simple he could not hope simultaneously to raise the French standard of living and practise rigid economy. Without taking any steps towards the former goal, he will be bound to go to the Bank of France for a fresh loan and to levy fresh taxes, probably by the devious methods dear to French financiers.

His great problem, however, is Algeria. Just at the moment of his assumption of office that problem took on a new aspect, though one that might have been foretold. For the time being the French Government must be even more concerned with the behaviour of the French settlers than with that of the Muslims. The bomb in the dance hall on Sunday, June 9, led to savage French reprisals against Muslims in the streets of Algiers two days later, murder, and the destruction of about a hundred shops. It may well be that this grave rioting would have been even fiercer and more widespread had not M. Bourges-Maunoury retained in the Government M. Lacoste, whose prestige with the French population stands high.

In many quarters it had been expected that M. Lacoste would be dropped, and some of those who refused to accept office under M. Bourges-Maunoury are said to have done so because he was

pro-French, but of those whose only crime is that they belong to, or favour, some other nationalist organisation. Despite the strength of the French forces in the country, it is clear from recent evidence that the command is not always able even to try to protect the victims. We now know, as regards the worst of the massacres, that the lack of protection was due not to bad intelligence but to lack of forces to carry it out. Meanwhile, French action in Algeria builds up bitter hostility in the Arab world, with which M. Bourges-Maunoury is anxious to restore the traditional relations of France.

On many matters the task of the new Prime Minister will not be unduly difficult, if the National Assembly gives him time to undertake it. His Government is what is known as "European," pledged to the new Continental economic treaties. Algeria is another matter. There, if he reaches a settlement which he himself and the members of his Government do not regard as repugnant, he will have accomplished a task which will bring great honour to his name. Let us wish him well. At the same time, it is only realistic to add that, if he accomplishes this, he will have created surprise throughout the political world of France.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



CALLED TO FORM A NEW GOVERNMENT : THE SURPRISE VICTOR OF THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS—MR. JOHN DIEFENBAKER, LEADER OF THE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, WHICH HAS BEEN OUT OF OFFICE FOR THE LAST TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

It had been expected that in the Canadian General Elections of June 10 the Liberal Party, which has been in power since 1935 continuously, would lose some ground; but the landslide which took place was totally unexpected. In the old House the Liberals, under Mr. St. Laurent, had 170 seats and the Progressive Conservatives had 51; in the new the Liberals have 103 and the Progressive Conservatives 110, the latter having more than doubled their strength. Mr. St. Laurent himself retained his seat, but nine of his Government colleagues lost theirs, one, the Defence Minister, Mr. Campney, being defeated by Mr. Douglas Jung, the first Chinese Canadian to be elected to the Canadian Parliament. The two other parties, the C.C.F. (Co-operative

Commonwealth Federation) and Social Credit, also increased in strength; the former from 23 to 24, the latter from 15 to 19; and it was clear that no single party would have a working majority in the Canadian House, which has 265 seats. Mr. Diefenbaker, who is sixty-one, has conducted a vigorous election campaign and is thought to be able and dynamic; but no members of his party have held office in a Canadian Federal Government; and the party has its laurels yet to win in office. On June 17 Mr. St. Laurent, the Liberal leader, tendered his resignation; and Mr. Diefenbaker was to see the Governor-General on June 18 to be sworn in. It was stated that Mr. Diefenbaker could not take office before June 21, as he had yet to form a Cabinet.

Camera study by Karsh of Ottawa.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



LONDON. COMMEMORATING THE VOYAGE OF MAYFLOWER II: A MEDAL PRODUCED FOR THE EXHIBITION AT NEW YORK DURING MAYFLOWER II'S VISIT THERE. A medal (obverse and reverse shown above) has been produced for the exhibition to be held at New York during the visit of the *Mayflower II*. Copies of the medal, which was designed by the Hungarian-born sculptor, Paul Vincze, are to be struck for collectors.



U.S.A. PRESENTED TO GENERAL MARSHALL IN WASHINGTON: A MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MARSHALL PLAN. On June 5 Sir Harold Caccia, the British Ambassador to the U.S.A., presented a medal to General Marshall commemorating the tenth anniversary of the beginnings of the Marshall Plan to aid Europe. The presentation was in Washington and made on behalf of the O.E.E.C.



PARIS. INCREASING THE HEIGHT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER: PART OF A NEW TELEVISION TRANSMITTER AERIAL WHICH IS BEING INSTALLED ON THE TOP OF THE FAMOUS PARIS LANDMARK. THE NEW HEIGHT WILL BE 1033 FT.



ITALY. THE RESULT OF A WHIRLWIND: A WRECKED CHURCH IN NORTH ITALY. ON JUNE 16 WHIRLWINDS CAUSED DAMAGE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN THE PO VALLEY, WHERE THERE HAVE ALSO BEEN DISASTROUS FLOODS.



INDIA. FORMERLY SUPPORTING THE STATUE OF GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER TAYLOR WHICH WAS REMOVED ON JUNE 6: THE EMPTY PLINTH IN THE MORI GATE AREA OF DELHI. During the night of June 6 local authorities secretly removed the statue of General Sir Alexander Taylor, a British hero of the Indian Mutiny. It was the first statue of "offensive or provocative" foreigners to be so removed.



U.S.A. AN EXPRESSION OF EUROPEAN GRATITUDE FOR THE MARSHALL AID PLAN: SIR H. CACCIA (RIGHT) MAKING A PRESENTATION TO GENERAL MARSHALL ON JUNE 5. (See top right photographs.)



EGYPT. AFTER LANDING AT CAIRO AIRPORT: MAJOR FUAD HILAL (RIGHT), THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY ATTACHE AT AMMAN WHO WAS EXPELLED FROM JORDAN. The rift between Jordan and Egypt was deepened on June 10 by the announcement that the Jordan Government had expelled the Egyptian military attaché at Amman, Major Fuad Hilal, from Jordan, and had recalled the Jordan Ambassador in Cairo, Abdul Moneim el Rifai. The Jordan Government also expelled the Egyptian consul in Jerusalem.



EGYPT. LEAVING CAIRO AIRPORT: ABDUL MONEIM EL RIFAI, THE JORDAN AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO, WHO WAS RECALLED BY HIS GOVERNMENT.

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HOW JACOBITE SYMPATHISERS SECRETLY HONOURED BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE : AN INGENIOUS AND RARE SECRET PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

The secret portrait of the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, which is in the West Highland Museum at Fort William, Inverness-shire, consists of a painting in oils on wood and a polished plated-steel cylinder which gives the reflected portrait and which is removable. There appear to be very few of these Jacobite portraits in existence and very little seems to be known about them. There are at least two other similar portraits in existence, and one of these was exhibited in Glasgow in 1938 and in London shortly after the war. The portrait in the West Highland Museum was purchased in London in 1924 by Mr. Victor Hodgson, the founder of the Museum. The artist who painted it is unknown. With the portrait were two other

paintings, which are thought to be by the same artist, but which are of humorous subjects. The owner of another of these secret portraits claims that the portrait is reflected far better from a wineglass than from the cylinder, and believes the paintings may have been used on occasions when toasts were being drunk. The reflector in the Museum portrait is $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long on a mahogany stand $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins. high ; the wooden board is baize-lined and is 10 by $13\frac{1}{2}$ ins. There are other varieties of secret portrait ; in one type, for instance, two portraits are superimposed and the hidden picture is revealed by pressing a spring. Another type is that which consists of two portraits, one of them being visible only from a certain angle.

Reproduced by kind permission of the West Highland Museum, Fort William. Colour photograph by Wm. S. Thomson, Fort William.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INTERVIEWS ONE OF NATURE'S COMEDIANS :
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IS ENTERTAINED BY A FRIENDLY-LOOKING PIG.

We all know that "a cat may look at a king," and apparently it is not *lèse-majesté* for a prize pig to smile at a Royal visitor. This happy photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh interviewing a most genial-looking pig was taken in Denmark during one of the Duke's visits to that country. It is difficult to tell from this photograph whether the Duke or the pig was the more delighted at the way the interview was going. As is well known, the Duke of Edinburgh takes a most active interest in agriculture and he is this year's President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The Society's annual Show for 1957 is to be held at Norwich (on July 2 to 5) for the first time since 1911.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



ATHENS, GREECE. CONSTITUTION SQUARE, WITH, IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND, THE BUILDING SITE IN WHICH FOUR FIFTH-CENTURY TOMBS HAVE BEEN FOUND. Recently, during the preparation of a building site in Constitution Square, Athens, labourers digging foundations struck at about 13 ft. deep four tombs of the fifth century B.C. This discovery helps to plot the extent of the ancient cemetery. Among the finds were several white Attic oil vessels.



ATHENS, GREECE. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOMBS DISCOVERED DURING BUILDING OPERATIONS IN CONSTITUTION SQUARE. THE FUNERAL FURNITURE WAS RICH.



ALGERIA. AFTER A TIME-BOMB HAD EXPLODED KILLING TEN PEOPLE: THE SCENE INSIDE THE CORNICHE CASINO. FOUR MILES WEST OF ALGIERS.



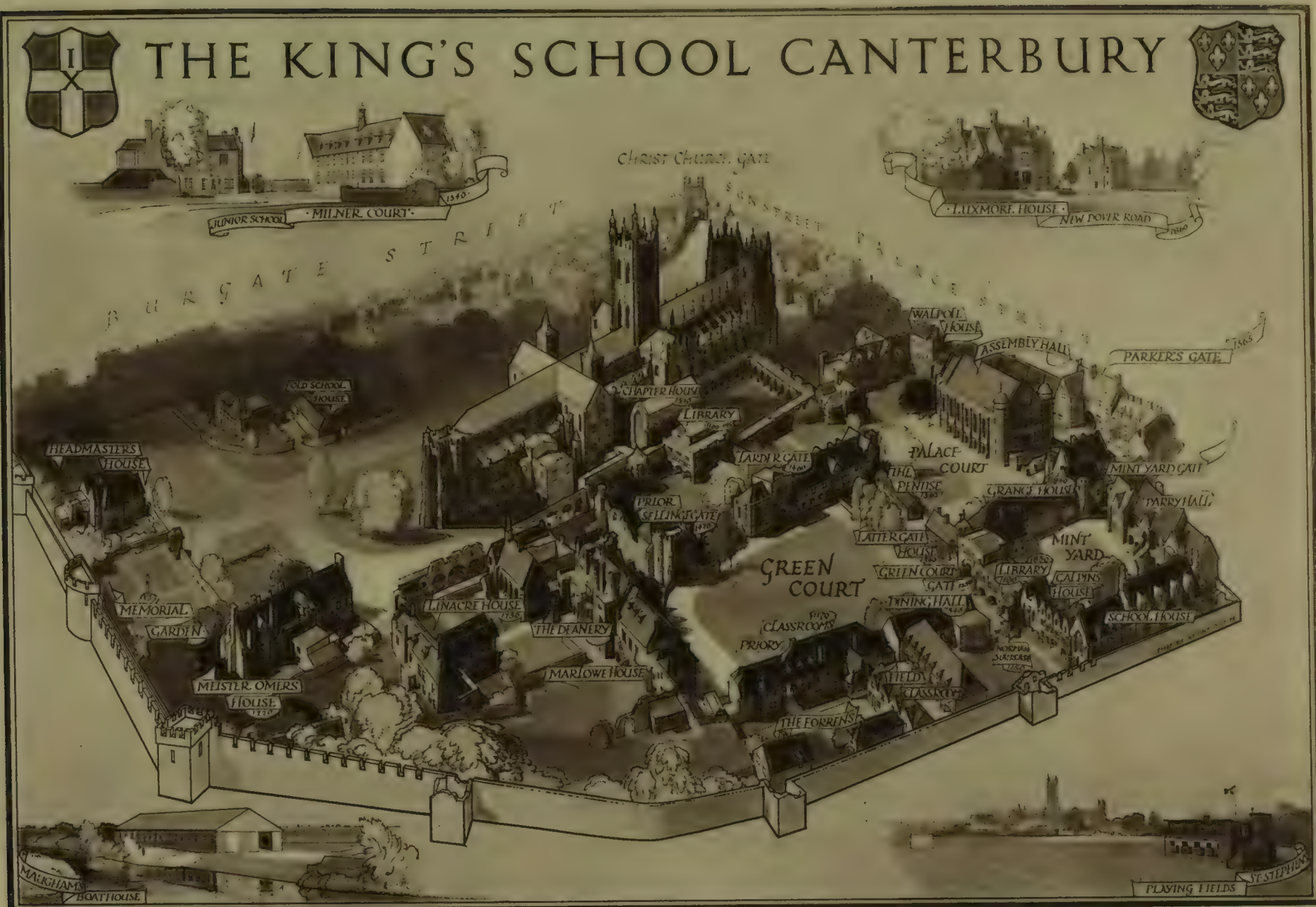
ALGERIA. SCENE OF THE DANCE-HALL BOMB OUTRAGE: THE CORNICHE CASINO, AT POINTE PESCADE, NEAR ALGIERS, WHERE TEN DIED AND EIGHTY WERE INJURED. Ten people were killed and about eighty injured, twenty of them seriously, when a time-bomb exploded in the orchestra pit in the dance hall at the Corniche Casino, near Algiers, on June 9. Most of the victims, including a singer and the band leader, were members of the orchestra. There were about 300 people in the dance hall at the time of the explosion.



ALGERIA. DURING THE FIERCE ANTI-MUSLIM RIOTS IN ALGIERS AFTER THE TERRORIST OUTRAGES: ARMED FRENCH PARATROOPERS GUARDING A ROAD JUNCTION AS AN OVERTURNED MUSLIM CAR BURNS.



ALGERIA. OUTSIDE THE LYCEE BUGAUD IN ALGIERS: EUROPEAN STUDENTS, RIOTING IN PROTEST AGAINST THE TERRORIST OUTRAGES, RUSHING DOWN THE STREET AFTER FORCING A POLICE AND ARMY CORDON.



IN THE SHADOW OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, SEEN IN A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING BY CHARLES KNIGHT, R.W.S.



DURING HER VISIT TO KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, ON JUNE 12: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER OFFICIALLY DECLARING OPEN THE SCHOOL'S NEW ASSEMBLY HALL.

A FURTHER milestone in the long history of The King's School, Canterbury, which has strong claims to being the oldest public school in England, was the visit of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, on June 12, to open the school's new Assembly Hall. Her Majesty addressed a large gathering of parents and pupils from the entrance of the Hall, and referred to the great strides made in the school's rebuilding since she and King George VI visited the school in 1946, when "the walls still bore the honourable scars of war." The new Assembly Hall is a notable addition to the school buildings, which are scattered in and around the Cathedral precincts, and provides the School with "a much-needed central place of assembly which is its own property." During the opening ceremony the Queen Mother requested that a week's holiday be added to the summer vacation. Outside the new Hall her Majesty inspected a guard of honour of the school's Combined Cadet Force, and afterwards she took tea with thirty-six boys in a pavilion erected for the occasion.



AFTER LUNCHEON IN THE SCHOOL DINING-HALL: THE QUEEN MOTHER, ACCOMPANIED BY THE HEADMASTER, CANON F. J. SHIRLEY, ON HER WAY TO THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY: THE QUEEN MOTHER OPENS THE NEW ASSEMBLY HALL.



"FALL-OUT"—THE SINISTER AND PROLONGED AFTER-EFFECT OF NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS:

The danger to human beings arising from nuclear explosions is fourfold. In the near vicinity and at the time of such an explosion there are the three effects of blast, heat and immediate nuclear radiation. The fourth danger to human life arises from fall-out radiation, which can have fatal effects, during a prolonged period, over an area stretching many miles from the place of the explosion. Besides the anxiety about the possibility of a nuclear war, there is already anxiety about the cumulative effect of the fall-out of test nuclear explosions which have been carried out during the past few years. A call for the banning of further tests was recently made by 2000 American

scientists, and there has been a similar appeal by German scientists. Although some experts have stated that the Russian, British and American nuclear tests will ultimately cause many cases of bone cancer and leukaemia, and will have alarming genetic effects in future generations, others say that as yet there is no great danger. The degree of radioactivity in many different parts of the world is constantly being checked and experiments to find out more about the effects of radiation are also being conducted. In recent British and American nuclear tests the bombs have been exploded at great heights above the ground and the fall-out danger from this type of explosion is said

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation



A DRAWING ILLUSTRATING SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THIS HAUNTING PHENOMENON.

to be negligible. The effect of firing a nuclear device nearer to ground level was demonstrated in an American detonation of a "very large thermonuclear device" at Bikini Atoll, in the Pacific, in 1954. Large quantities of material were drawn high above the ground by the explosion and made radioactive. Owing to wind effects the clouds of radioactive particles comprising the fall-out settled over a cigar-shaped area stretching away from the point of the detonation; this contaminated area was about 230 miles long and had a varying width of up to 40 miles. Over most of this area, of 7000 square miles in all, there was great danger to life from radioactivity for many hours

after the explosion. Although most of the dust in the fall-out loses its radioactivity after a comparatively short time, certain substances retain it almost indefinitely. Strontium, for instance, remains radioactive for years. Much of the fall-out descends to earth within a matter of hours, the heavier particles falling fastest. Lighter particles remain suspended in the stratosphere for indefinite periods and may finally settle anywhere on the earth's surface. The lightest particles of the fall-out, instead of dropping to earth, remain floating above the tropopause, a still-air region between the stratosphere and the troposphere.

of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority.

AMERICA IN THE FIRST DECADE OF THE ATOMIC AGE.

"THE UNQUIET YEARS. U.S.A. 1945-1955": By HERBERT AGAR.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SEVERAL years ago, at a time when most of the Seven Deadly Sins were even more on the rampage than they are now, Mr. Herbert Agar, who knows this country as well as he knows his own U.S.A., published a Tract for the Times called "A Time for Greatness" which united moral, emotional and intellectual appeals in a very unusual way. Anyone who was held and stimulated by that remarkable book will need no exhortation from me to read Mr. Agar's latest contribution to international understanding, and no assurance that it is idealistic without being sentimental, gushing, or fact-shirking, eloquent without being rhetorical, realistic without being cynical, and intensely serious while far from humourless.

The ground covered by the book is, as it should be, divulged in its title. It should help some Americans to clarify their minds—at an unusually propitious time when, because of the existence of a President generally popular and without a long party background, the normal passions are less violent than usual. And it should be extremely informative to enterprising individuals among the all-too-many Britons who are woefully vague about the structure of the American Constitution, the working of American institutions, the complications of the American party-system, and the appalling difficulty of governing, and bringing to a decision, a great and miscellaneous population, covering an area about as large as Europe, with a width equalling the distance between Dublin and the Urals, and differing because of climate, material interests, racial origins and opinions about race. Geographical situation has also its influence, as some of our people found when, at Anglo-American conferences, certain influential warriors took the view that War in the Pacific should come before beating the Germans.

Mr. Agar, who has no illusions about that, is illuminating on the subject. His remarks arise from an examination of the illusions and prejudices of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. One of these was that Chiang Kai-shek's China was a Great Power: I remember smiling sadly during the war when I pushed the door into village inns and found on the walls a dutiful array of war leaders, consisting of Sir Winston, the President, Chiang, and the cold-blooded murderer, Stalin, who, merely because the Germans had attacked Russia, had been suddenly converted into a kind Uncle Joe, who might even, late on Christmas Eve, slide down the chimney and put ikons, vodka and caviar (no thought of Molotov cocktails) into our children's stockings.

Far be it from me to denigrate President Roosevelt: he was at least as anxious to help Britain as he was to disintegrate the British Empire, which for generations, in our eyes, has been a missionary enterprise, bringing to some countries a unity they never knew before us, to others a redemption from bestial savagery, and, to all, education (even about crop-raising), policing, sanitation and irrigation. His efforts to help the remains of Free Europe were resolute and sustained and he achieved Lease-Lend and the Fifty Ancient Destroyers—for which a price was paid. After Pearl Harbour brought America into the war, he was a keen and genial collaborator: but at Yalta he proved himself as ignorant of the Old World as most people here are of the New. He thought that Stalin and he, meeting face to face, could come to kindly decisions about the future of the world, as might one well-meaning

Rotarian from Boston with another well-meaning Rotarian from Moscow. These incompetent Europeans had not been able to make terms with the Bolsheviks, but he, amiable and crafty, could. Now look!

I quote a long passage from Mr. Agar: I am not qualified to support all his remarks: "Because we thought the Chinese were our friends, we took pleasure in imagining that they were a Great Power—even during the war, when we might have noticed that their power was either not great or not used for our purposes. Here again, Franklin Roosevelt may have misled us. As we have seen, he had an ancient Dutch fear of the British Empire plus an ancient American superstition about the magic of British diplomacy. He wanted, strangely enough, some 'balancing' force after the war to prevent Britain from becoming once again too strong. So why not invent China? Why not conceive the 'Big Four'? Britain and Russia could indulge their traditional quarrels over the Middle East and the gateways to India, while China and America—friendly and disinterested—would see to it that no great harm

strength of China with his obsession about the latent evils of the British Empire.)

Mr. Agar continues—and I cannot take responsibility for his opinions—"whenever Franklin Roosevelt did or said anything to promote the myth of 'China the Great Power,' or 'China the Great Friend,' he could count on Republican support. The Pacific is the ocean of the isolationists, just as the Atlantic is the ocean of the inter-



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE:
MR. HERBERT SEBASTIAN AGAR.

Mr. Herbert Sebastian Agar was born in New York in 1897. Educated at Columbia University and Princeton University, he was Literary Editor of the *English Review*, 1930-34, and Editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, 1939-42. From 1942-46 he was Special Assistant to the American Ambassador in London. Since 1953 he has been a Director of Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd., the publishers. His books include: "A Time for Greatness" (1943) and "Declaration of Faith" (1952).

ventionists. We are all the descendants of people who fled from Europe. A few of our ancestors may have come out of curiosity; but most of them came out of poverty or despair, or because the police were on their tracks. Our instinctive wish is to be let alone by Europe, to stop fretting about Europe—to turn our eyes toward the Pacific. 'Eastward I go only by force,' wrote Thoreau, 'but westward I go free. . . . I must walk toward Oregon and not toward Europe.' That was harmless enough while we were growing up. The adolescent can turn against his family with impunity (because his family is still protecting him)—but not so the grown man. We could walk as far as Oregon; but then we had to face about and accept our heritage. We belong to the West, without which we must perish. We do not belong to Asia."

Mr. Agar's story includes strange encounters and investigations in the U.S.A. and strange characters like Alger Hiss and the almost unbelievable Senator McCarthy, whom even the Senate found itself unable to tolerate. It includes also "Hiss, Chiang, Fuchs and the Bomb." But he ends, as far as anybody can now end, on an optimistic note. President Eisenhower, he says, took office with the view that the less a President interfered, the better—"Presidents should be seen but not heard"—but has been forced by circumstances to act, surprisingly supported by the bulk of those amorphous American parties.

No solution for the world's ills can I produce out of Mr. Agar's book or my own head. But he has given me a good panorama of those said ills. I hope that his book will inform a great many of his fellow-Americans. During my lifetime one of the chief troubles has been that the Americans have known so little about Europe, let alone Asia and Africa.

"Let us co-operate," is Mr. Agar's conclusion. America, in spite of its old "escapist" mood, is now a part of Europe: the Atlantic is only half as wide as the Pacific, and there are deep gulfs between the traditional beliefs of East and West. There is a fundamental difference between the two halves of the world now (not that I think the Chinese, any more than the Indian or the Ukrainian, peasant wishes to be nationalised and hand over his family's sustenance to the impersonal State) and America will have to

cease being sentimental in the Rooseveltian way, and come down on the right side of the fence.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1038 of this issue.

A BRONZE AGE SWORD FROM THE LONDON RIVER.



A 3000-YEAR-OLD BRONZE LEAF-SHAPED SWORD, FOUND IN THE THAMES MUD DURING DREDGING OPERATIONS NEAR WANDSWORTH.

During dredging operations by the firm of John Shelbourne and Co. in the course of the building of a new jetty for the Mobil Oil Company's Wandsworth works, an object was noticed in the spoil which, on examination and cleaning, proved to be the sword we show above. It was examined at the Guildhall Museum and further examined and cleaned at the London Museum; and was found to be one of those leaf-shaped swords which are the earliest true swords to be found in this country and which were introduced into Britain during the Late Bronze Age (about 1000-450 B.C.) by waves of newcomers from abroad. This particular sword, which is in very good condition, is a good example of a fairly late variety of this type. It has the unusual feature of milling on the outer edge of the hilt and the purpose of this was presumably to key with the horn or wood plates which completed the hilt originally. The milling may be the result of an ancient repair, the owner using bronze wire to bind the hilt after, perhaps, failure of the rivets. A number of Bronze Age finds, many of them famous, have been found in the Thames—the Battersea shield and the Battersea cauldron are well known—and they probably originate from trading settlements in the area. There appears to have been a considerable settlement at this period at Brentford; and at least seven bronze leaf-shaped swords have been found in the Wandsworth stretch of the Thames.

was done. (The Department of State, of course, knew better than this. The truth about the post-war balance of power was noted as early as the first Quebec Conference. Yet it is hard not to relate President Roosevelt's obsession about the

* "The Unquiet Years: U.S.A., 1945-1955." By Herbert Agar. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 15s.)



LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR HORSE GUARDS PARADE: H.M. THE QUEEN, RIDING THE POLICE HORSE *IMPERIAL*, ON HER WAY TO THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY ON HER OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY.

There was brilliant sunshine on June 13, the Queen's official birthday, when her Majesty took the salute at the traditional Trooping the Colour ceremony on Horse Guards Parade. This year, for the first time since 1935, the Colour of the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, was trooped. This regiment provided the Escort for the Colour and No. 2 Guard, the remaining six guards on parade being found by the Grenadiers, Welsh and Scots. The Queen, riding side-saddle on *Imperial* (known as *Imp*), the Metropolitan Police chestnut, which

has replaced the famous *Winston*, rode on to the ground as the clock struck eleven. Her Majesty was wearing her uniform of scarlet tunic with the blue ribbon of the Garter, navy-blue riding skirt, and black tricorne hat surmounted with the blue plume of the Irish Guards and their regimental badge in diamonds. The Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, who rode behind her, wore the uniforms of colonel of the Welsh and Scots Guards respectively. A general view of the Queen's Birthday Parade appears overleaf.



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE: HER MAJESTY TAKING THE SALUTE DURING THE MARCH-PAST AT THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

Nearly 2000 troops, most of them in ceremonial dress, took part on June 13 in the traditional Trooping the Colour ceremony, which has no equal in the world. The Queen rode side-saddle for nearly two hours on *Imperial*, a six-year-old police chestnut, who behaved in most exemplary fashion as befitting his full name rather than his nickname of *Imp*. For the first time for over twenty years it was Ireland's day, for the Colour trooped was that of the

1st Battalion Irish Guards. After the Queen had inspected the ranks, while the band played Irish airs, the impressive moment arrived when the Colour was trooped down the line of Guards. The supreme test of the endurance and bearing of the whole parade was carried out in the fashion which has made the Brigade of Guards the smartest troops in the world. After that the guards in column marched past her Majesty in slow and in quick time, as the band

played the appropriate Regimental marches as each guard passed the Queen. After the final "Royal salute. Present arms" the massed bands again played the National Anthem. At about 12.10 p.m. the Queen, who was accompanied throughout by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, led the Guards along The Mall to Buckingham Palace where, at the centre gate, she took the salute at the march-past. Hundreds of visitors from overseas mingled

with the crowds who watched the Queen and all were unanimous, as were those who watched the parade on television, in their admiration of her Majesty's dignified bearing throughout the long and intricate ceremony. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne, with other members of the Royal family, watched the ceremony from a window overlooking the parade ground.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THERE are certain hardy herbaceous plants which look more beautiful when established and growing apparently—I repeat, apparently—wild in

rough meadow grass, than anywhere else in the garden. It is a common practice to plant daffodils in grass, and also, of course, crocuses and colchicums, but plants such as the heartier columbines, thalictrums, and the true geraniums (not to be confused with the scarlet bedding "geraniums" which are not geraniums at all, but pelargoniums), and some of the taller campanulas are seldom used to produce the effect of the flowered hayfields of the Alps. Yet in any garden large enough to spare if only a few square yards from more conventional uses, for what may be called a meadow garden, the experiment is well worth making.

A few years ago I allocated an irregular patch of ground in my Cotswold garden for flowered meadow purposes. It only runs to about 50 or 60 square yards, and is surrounded on three sides by paths. It is near the house, and its position and irregular shape just happened, fortuitously, conveniently and pleasantly. The only things growing on the little plot, when I decided that it should be a minute meadow, were two standard apple-trees and a telephone pole (curse it). But it is astonishing how, in time, one grows almost not to see an offending telephone pole in the garden, or even the house in the garden next door. In the matter of the house next door, however, I am singularly fortunate. Until a few years ago it was a stone Cotswold barn, and thanks to tactful conversion it still looks part of the farmyard scene.

At the moment of writing, the chief beauty in my meadow comes from a scattered colony of a dozen or two splendid plants of that invaluable columbine *Aquilegia* "Hensol Harebell." They were among the first things that I planted, directly after sowing the ground with grass seed. Having started as tiny seedlings, they now stand a good 3 ft. tall, with wide-spreading heads of blue, short-spurred blossoms, the exact colour of the bluebells of the woods. I am hoping that these columbines will spread and increase by means of self-sown seeds, for, growing so heartily in their grass setting, they are very beautiful indeed. In spring there were snowdrops, which a few years after planting are steadily spreading into the dense, congested clumps in which snowdrops look their best. The only narcissus so far is the dwarf trumpet daffodil, *Narcissus minor*, of which there is a pleasantly scattered colony, but I think of adding some poet or pheasant's-eye narcissus. They shall be one of the less sophisticated varieties, or, perhaps, even the original wild type which is so beautiful in the high Alpine meadows. It is a temptation, and one to be most carefully avoided, to overdo daffodils and narcissi in the grass.

Flowering now, with the blue columbines, are some plants of rocket, both white and pink, and these have begun to multiply by means of self-sown seeds. This year for the first time there is a sprinkling of "red" clover, which originated from seed heads from a neighbouring hayfield

GROWING IN THE GRASS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

which I gathered and broadcast. They contrast pleasantly with the blue aquilegias, and do much to preserve a certain air of unsophistication. A plant or two of the mauve *Thalictrum aquilegifolium*, which I collected in an Alpine hayfield a few years ago, look well at home and are a potent reminder of holidays in high places.

A root or two of *Thalictrum glaucum*, with its fluffy heads of dull yellow blossom, would be an appropriate addition. Two plants which I ought to have planted, but so far have not, are the violet-blue *Salvia pratensis* and the bright-pink Sainfoin, for these two are

a brilliant and familiar sight in Alpine hayfields, often growing to the almost total exclusion of other flowers. Nor have I yet planted or sown our own meadow marguerite. I have, however, established the lovely wild British Meadow Cranesbill, *Geranium pratense*, which is abundant as a roadside plant in this neighbourhood, and, in addition to the typical blue form, I have an exquisite luminous lavender-blue variety, which I collected at Mt. Louis, in the Eastern Pyrenees, many years ago. Cowslips are well established, and are clever enough to do their flowering before the surrounding grasses have grown tall enough to smother them. I have, too, a plant of the true Oxlip—not to be confused with the primrose-cowslip hybrid. My plant of this came from the district in East Anglia where alone it grows wild in Britain. But I have found it growing in great abundance, however, as a woodland plant near Le Touquet.

Unfortunately some of the grasses in my flowered meadow are too coarse and tall-growing, but whether they came from seeds already in the soil when I started the meadow, or whether I bought grass seed from the wrong seedsman I can not say, so let us give the fellow the benefit of the doubt. So far I have funkied the labour of forking out the coarsest tussocks. Last year I planted roots of *Campanula glomerata*—the improved deep violet form, and at the same time some *Campanula persicifolia*, the peach-leaved Campanula, which is often a good sight in sub-Alpine hayfields, but it is too early as yet to see whether they have taken hold and are going to make a show. There are several other plants now well established in my meadow which I can not recall off-hand, and there are many, many more which I might, ought to, and no doubt will add to the collection. Or some of them, anyway. Among

others I would mention—as a hint to other would-be or will-be meadow gardeners—the following. Spanish iris, our native dusky Cranesbill, *Geranium phaeum*, the ruby-crimson *Geranium arvense*, the St. Bernard's lily, and also St. Bruno's lily, *Astrantia major* or Masterwort, the Martagon lily, *Lilium martagon*, with its liver-pink flowers—and perhaps the yellow *Lilium pyrenaicum*—if you can tolerate its aggressive scent.

There are, of course, several ways of acquiring plants for the flowered hayfield. One can rob one's own herbaceous borders, and crave roots from the borders of garden friends. One can start a little home nursery and raise plants from seeds, and one can collect seeds such as the "red" clover which I have mentioned. There are many suitable plants which I have not mentioned, and immense numbers of highly unsuitable ones. It's just a matter of taste. It is, of course, an immense help to have seen the Alpine hayfields in June.



ST. BRUNO'S LILY—PARADISEA (OR FORMERLY ANTHERICUM) LILIASTRUM: A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE BLOOMS OF THIS ALPINE RELATION OF THE LILIES, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT SUGGESTS AS A SUITABLE PLANT FOR "MEADOW GARDENING."

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EXHIBITED IN DUBLIN: PAINTINGS FROM IRISH COLLECTIONS.



"VIEW OF DRESDEN": THE FAMOUS DRESDEN ACADEMY RECEPTION PICTURE BY BERNARDO BELLOTTO (1720-80) IN THE IMPORTANT DUBLIN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS FROM IRISH COLLECTIONS. (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 53 ins.) (Lent by H.R.H. Prince Ernest of Saxony.)



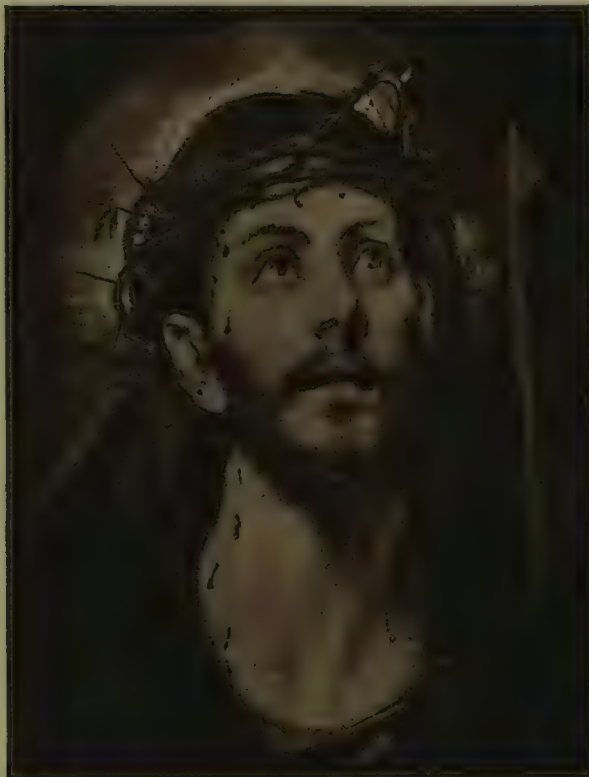
"THE LUTE PLAYER," BY FRANS HALS (1580-1666): ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING GROUP OF MASTERPIECES LENT TO THIS EXHIBITION BY SIR ALFRED BEIT, BART. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 28½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF DONA ANTONIA ZARATE": A SUPERB PORTRAIT BY FRANCISCO JOSE DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746-1828). (Oil on canvas; 40½ by 32 ins.) (Lent by Sir Alfred Beit, Bart.)



"A STUDY FOR A TAPESTRY CARTOON": ONE OF A PAIR OF THESE STUDIES BY GOYA WHICH WERE FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF COUNTESS MERCATI. (Oil on canvas; 11 by 16 ins.) (Lent by Patrick O'Connor, Esq.)



"HEAD OF CHRIST WITH THE CROWN OF THORNS," BY EL GRECO (? 1547-1614). IT IS DATED TO 1582. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 15 ins.) (Lent by John F. McGuire, Esq.)

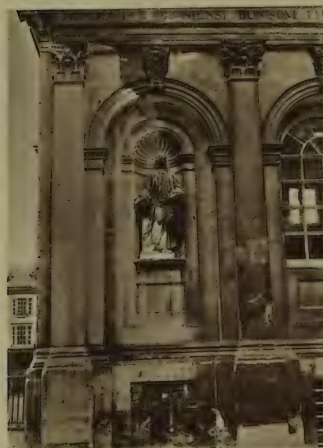
THE exhibition of "Paintings from Irish Collections," which continues at the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Parnell Square, Dublin, until August 25, contains 169 works ranging over some five centuries and covering the principal European schools. The exhibition aims to show the diversity of the collections in Irish houses and ecclesiastical establishments, and in doing so enables the public to see some of the greatest masterpieces still to be found in Ireland. There has been no



"SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST WITH HIS WIFE, ANNA MARIA FERRI," BY THE IRISH ARTIST ROBERT FAGAN (c. 1745-1816), WHO STUDIED AND COLLECTED WORKS OF ART IN ITALY. (Oil on canvas; 27 by 36 ins.) (Lent by Mr. and Mrs. John Hunt.)

exhibition of this scope in Ireland since the notable Old Masters' exhibition arranged in Dublin by Sir Hugh Lane in the winter of 1902-3. It is fitting that the present exhibition should include a considerable group of paintings by Irish artists. One of the most interesting of these is the unusual Robert Fagan double portrait shown here. Fagan, who was born in Cork, studied in Rome and married an Italian. He was appointed British Consul-General for Sicily and Palermo early in the nineteenth century.

OXFORD'S £1,750,000 APPEAL FOR HER HISTORIC BUILDINGS: THE NEED, AND THE WAY, TO SAVE VITAL BUILDINGS FROM WHOLESALE DECAY.



THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE SHELDONIAN—WHICH NEEDS ABOUT £120,000 SPENT ON IT. HERE THE STONE HAS BEEN WASHED TO REVEAL ITS CONDITION.



(Above.) A WING OF PECKWATER QUAD, CHRIST CHURCH, WHICH WAS REFACED WITH CLIPSHAM STONE BEFORE THE WAR. A STRIKING CONTRAST WITH THE UNREFACED LIBRARY.



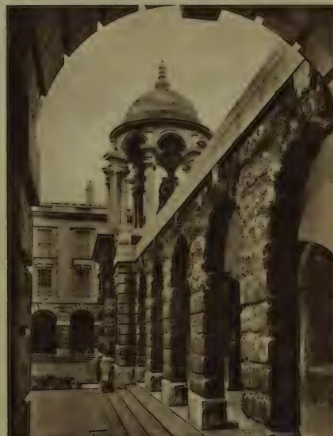
THE FELLOWS' BUILDING OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE: A GRAPHIC EXAMPLE OF WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE (LEFT) AND WHAT CAN BE DONE (CENTRE) WHERE THE ROTTING HEADINGTON STONE HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY REFACED WITH CLIPSHAM.

ON June 11 Oxford University launched an appeal for £1,750,000—to be spent over the next ten years—for her historic buildings. "Many of these are crying out for repair," said Lord Bridges, Chairman of the Appeal Committee, "and the cost is beyond the resources of the University and Colleges, which have joined together in this single appeal for all their historic buildings. Where else in so small an area are there so many splendid buildings as in Oxford? But unfortunately many of them were built of soft stone often faultily laid—particularly those built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and repair work on a large scale is now imperative." The appeal is signed by the following: The Chancellor of the University, Lord Halifax; the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. J. C. Masterman; the Prime Minister and his three predecessors in that office, Sir Anthony Eden, Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Attlee; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Kilmauir; the Lord Chancellor, Sir Cyril Hinshelwood; and the five Trustees, Lord Brand, Lord Bridges, Lord Evershed, Master of the Rolls, Sir Oliver Franks and

(Continued opposite.)



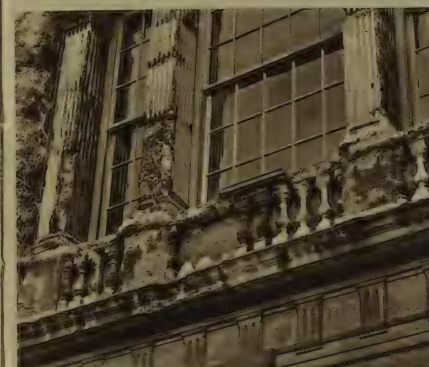
ONE OF THE PINNACLES OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE BY WEATHERING AND THE USE OF IRON CLAMPS—SEE THE PHOTOGRAPH, BOTTOM, EXTREME RIGHT.



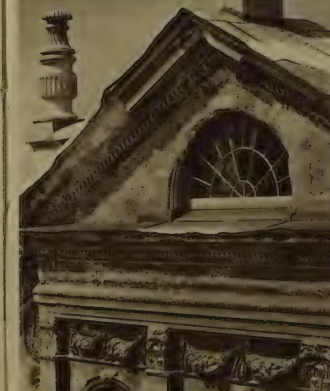
AN ARCADE OF HEADINGTON STONE IN THE FRONT QUADRANGLE OF THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE, WHICH FRONTS ON THE EXTREMELY BUSY HIGH STREET. THIS COLLEGE NEEDS BETWEEN £60,000 AND £75,000 FOR ITS ESSENTIAL REPAIRS.



THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, SHOWING THE BADLY-DECAYED LOWER STAGE OF HEADINGTON STONE, WHICH WAS USED AGAINST HIS OWN WISHES.



A DETAIL OF THE CHRIST CHURCH LIBRARY FACADE, SHOWING ROTTEN STONE, SOME REPAIRS, AND THE GOOD CONDITION OF THE ENTABLATURE BELOW, WHICH IS OF DIFFERENT STONE.



THE PEDIMENT OF THE SOUTHERN FACADE OF THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, SHOWING THE DEEPLY ROTTEN HEADINGTON STONE, ITS CONDITION ACCENTUATED BY A FEW PATCHES.



A GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION OF THE STATE OF MUCH OF OXFORD'S HEADINGTON STONE: A FRAGMENT OF THE CORPUS CHRISTI CLOISTERS COMES AWAY IN THE BURSAR'S HAND.



THE RECTOR OF LINCOLN, MR. W. F. OAKESHOTT, CENTRE, CARRYING HAT, SHOWING VISITORS THE RECENTLY RENOVATED CANTERBURY QUAD, ST. JOHN'S, AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT CAN BE DONE.



A VICTORIAN "REMEDY" WHICH DID STILL MORE DAMAGE: IRON CLAMPS, WHICH HAVE CONSIDERABLY EXPANDED WITH RUST AND SPLIT THE STONES THEY WERE INTENDED TO STRENGTHEN.

(Continued.) Lord Monckton. The appeal is being addressed in the first place to all Oxford men and women; but it is thought perhaps that others, both private persons and public bodies, may wish to contribute, and subscriptions from all will be gratefully received. (These should be addressed to the Old Bank, Oxford, and made payable to The Trustees of the Oxford Historic Buildings Appeal.) Our illustrations are designed to give examples of the typical rotting of the Headington freestone, of which so many Oxford buildings, unhappily, have been made; and to show also examples of what can be done in recovering the strength, character and beauty of these buildings by refacing with Clipsham stone, as has been done in St. John's, and in the Fellows' Building of Corpus and Peckwater Quadrangle, where examples of decay and renovation can be seen side by side. The needs and requirements of the University and the individual colleges are the result of a survey by architects of the Ancient Monuments branch of the Ministry of Works; and those with the greatest needs are Christ Church, which needs £600,000; and the University, which needs £430,000; and New College and Wadham, which both need between £130,000 and £160,000.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

ITALIAN MINIATURE PAINTING.



FEW of us have had the opportunity of seeing Italian Miniatures in any number—that is, in the context of this beautiful book,* the decorations in early Italian manuscripts. There was a wonderful exhibition in Rome in 1953, when major examples were gathered together from remote corners of the peninsula, as well as from the more famous libraries. The finest of these, representing the development of the art from the ninth to the end of the fifteenth century, have now been published in a single volume by Professor Mario Salmi, who organised the exhibition, and is Professor of Art History at the University of Rome. It is a noble volume in which, in addition to nearly one hundred examples in monochrome, seventy-five miniatures are reproduced in colours. It was first published in Italy in 1954, and is now available to English readers with the original colour-plates and an excellent translation by Elizabeth Borgese-Mann.

It must be said at once that the text makes very considerable demands upon the reader. The author presupposes that we are already more or less at home with his intricate subject. This is flattering, but it tempts him to so dazzling a display of erudition that we are liable to become lost in a maze of hitherto unknown names and to be exasperated by a certain flatness in the narrative. This sort of thing, for example, is hardly illuminating: "It is a rare codex decorated by several distinct hands, one of which, rather weak, seems influenced by the styles of Central Italy, especially of the town of Fabriano. The more advanced miniatures, on the other hand, which repeat the same compositions, are due to miniaturists of the Renaissance, and two of the best must be attributed to Franco-Flemish masters." He will justifiably reply that he is not writing for babes and sucklings, and that if we are not prepared to submit to discipline we are at liberty to go elsewhere. There is no elsewhere—or, rather, no elsewhere in English so up-to-date, so comprehensive or so splendidly presented. We have no option but to submit.

I suppose Northern countries have paid less attention to the illuminations on Italian than to those on our own manuscripts because, while we were still able to boast of very little more than excellent miniaturists, Italy was already covering walls and altar-pieces with large-scale works of art. To us, The Bedford Book of Hours looms large; an Italian manuscript of the same period

seems comparatively trivial because it is overshadowed by a hundred frescoes by indubitably great Masters. We acquire from this book a more precise sense of proportion and the realisation that to many painters besides the few familiar to us, book or MS. illustration was a natural part of their day-to-day activity. Many of us perhaps remember the sudden pleasure which came upon us when, in the Uffizi, we first set eyes upon the Annunciation by that most lovable of the Sienese Masters, Simone Martini. Here (Fig. 36)

some anonymous, some named, Sassetta (a deduction from the style of certain little fairy-tale pictures in the Metropolitan Museum, New York), Giovanni di Paolo, who "brought to this art his highly original world of stylised imagination and fantastic landscapes," and Sano di Pietro, who, to judge by the illustrations in the Calendar (Plate 24), was happier as a miniaturist than in many of his larger compositions.

The English are, have been, and presumably will continue to be especially fascinated by anything which comes from Venice; it is an inheritance from the nostalgic romanticism of many generations. I therefore turned with interest to those pages in which the author, an Italian, and presumably without that particular prejudice, deals with Venetian illumination. As to the earliest Venetian miniatures, "in their wealth of colour and flashing gold they seem to emulate the splendour of mosaics." It would appear that later—that is, by the fifteenth century—"the Venetian history of illumination does not show the continuity which characterises its splendid record in large-scale painting" and was largely influenced by the style in favour at the neighbouring university city of Padua—in short, a cool appraisal. By the end of the sixteenth century tastes had changed; "the artistic form of the illustrated book had accordingly been subjected to important modifications and the art of miniature was dead. The examples of that period seem a long way from the poetic standards created by the imagination of so many ingenious and patient masters in the silence of their cells or studios, who left on the illuminated pages the mark of their yearning for beauty."

The end was, of course, inevitable with the development of printing; the slow, careful preparation of a single volume for a single individual was clearly doomed to extinction, yet so conservative was the tradition that while secular books were, by the early years of the sixteenth century, illustrated by engravings, the old method continued for a time in the case of religious books, especially choir books; but very soon what was left of it became little more than a luxurious subsidiary to the triumphant craft of engraving, while the finest early printed books continued to be designed in the fashion of illustrated manuscripts.

I must give emphasis to the fact that, however difficult readers may find the text, they cannot fail to be enchanted by the colour-plates which provide a singularly inspiring antidote to the specious theory that rank bad drawing in the young is in some mysterious manner a mark of exceptional talent; a theory which is no less absurd than the one which pretends that mere accuracy is everything. Here, throughout these several centuries, are to be found a formal splendour, simple piety, a colour sense beyond compare, and a freshness of the imagination which seems that of eternal spring.



"THE CREATION OF THE STARS, BIRDS AND FISHES": A TWELFTH-CENTURY ROMAN MINIATURE FROM A BIBLE, WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN "ITALIAN MINIATURES," BY MARIO SALMI. FRANK DAVIS REVIEWS "THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK" IN HIS ARTICLE.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.

he is working on a small scale, painting a frontispiece to the Vergil of his friend Petrarch (a volume which has miraculously survived in the Ambrosian Library at Milan), in which, for what is surely the first time in Western painting, we see the delights of country life depicted in a secular subject. As Professor Salmi notes, "The Sienese, who were admirable illustrators, did not make any distinction between illumination and panel painting, and from this point of view they certainly occupy the first place in Italian Gothic Art." He notes, among others of the fifteenth century,

* "Italian Miniatures," by Mario Salmi. (With 75 plates in full colour and 99 monochrome illustrations. (Collins; 5 gns.)

THE SCULPTURE OF WILHELM LEHMBRUCK.

AN EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY.



"HEAD OF A GIRL TURNING, 1913-14": IN THE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY WILHELM LEHMBRUCK (1881-1919). (Bronze; 16½ ins.)



"STANDING WOMAN, 1910": SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF MAILLOL. (Bronze; 76 ins.) (Lent by the Folkwang Museum, Essen.)



"MEDITATION, 1913-14": A MOST EXPRESSIVE EXAMPLE OF LEHMBRUCK'S DEVELOPING PERSONAL STYLE. (Bronze; 81½ ins.)



"HEAD OF A YOUTH, 1913." THE LEHMBRUCK EXHIBITION CONTINUES AT THE TATE GALLERY UNTIL JULY 7. (Bronze; 20½ ins.)



"YOUTH ASCENDING, 1913": "THE VIRILE BODY AND WIDE-SPREAD LIMBS ARE REMINISCENT OF GOTHIC ART." (Bronze; 87 ins.)



"HEAD OF FRAU L., 1910": A WORK EXECUTED IN PARIS, WHERE LEHMBRUCK LIVED FROM 1910-14. (Bronze; 19 ins.)



"KNEELING WOMAN, 1911": ONE OF LEHMBRUCK'S BEST-KNOWN WORKS WHICH WAS ERECTED IN DUISBURG IN 1927. (Bronze; 70½ ins.)



"SEATED YOUTH, 1918": AN IMPRESSIVE LATE WORK. (Bronze; 40½ ins.) (Lent by the Städt. Kunstmuseum, Duisburg.)

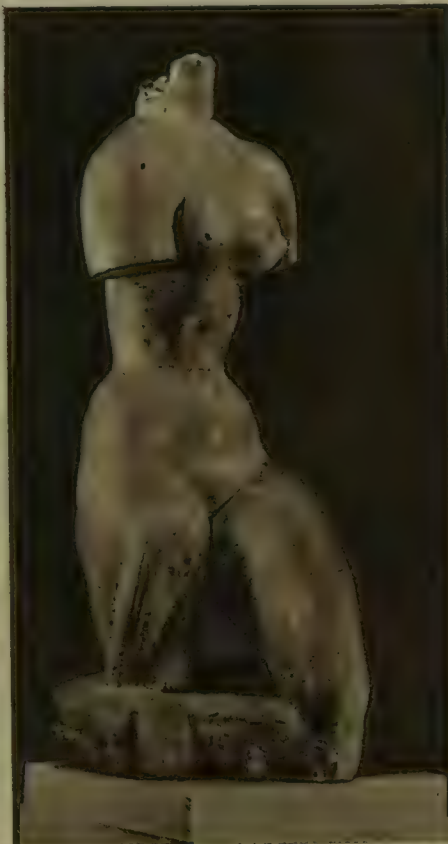
THE Wilhelm Lehmbruck exhibition at the Tate Gallery is the first representative selection of this great German sculptor's work to be shown in England. The majority of the exhibits, which include paintings, drawings and etchings, as well as the forty-two pieces of sculpture, have been lent by the artist's widow, Frau Anita Lehmbruck. The exhibition has been arranged by the Arts Council, with the assistance of the German Embassy in London, and will also be shown at Leeds City Art Gallery, from July 20 to August 17, and later in Berlin. Wilhelm Lehmbruck was born at Duisburg-Meiderich in 1881, the son of a miner.

[Continued opposite.]



"BATHER, 1914": ANOTHER WORK SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH SCULPTORS ON LEHMBRUCK. (Bronze; 36½ ins.)

[Continued.] He attended the School of Arts and Crafts in Düsseldorf from 1895-99 and the Düsseldorf Academy from 1901. In 1905 he studied in Italy for a time, and from 1910-14 he lived in Paris, where he was much influenced by the work of Rodin and Maillol. In 1914 he moved to Berlin, where, with the exception of a period in Zürich from 1917-18, he remained till his death in 1919. This most interesting exhibition fully illustrates Lehmbruck's development towards his own expressive and powerful style, which has made him one of the outstanding sculptors of this century.



"TORSO OF A GIRL TURNING, 1913-14." (Cement; 38½ ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



At the moment, our garden looks more like a zoo than ever. In addition to the permanent aviaries and pens, it seems to be littered everywhere with wire cages, large and small, accommodating temporary visitors. This is the season when young birds are coming off the nests and tending to become casualties, either through wandering away from the rest of the family, or through being overlooked by the parents, or from some other cause not easy to determine. The occupants of the temporary cages also tend to draw free birds into the garden, solely because the cages contain food, which the growing youngsters are apt to scatter through the wires of their cages to the outside, so there are pickings to be had everywhere. On the back lawn, where two of the cages stand, among the regular visitors is a family of sparrows. The two parents and five youngsters come down from the roof, and while they are foraging the lawn seems to be alive with sparrows. The wonder is that the family keeps together so well, and it may be that the antics of a couple of young magpies give a clue to this.

These two magpies were brought in to us by a party of small boys—very small boys. None of them seemed to be very definite about where the birds had come from, but it appeared that each boy in turn had tried to persuade his mother to be allowed to keep them. So from the chorus of small voices it seemed to emerge that the magpies and their escort had experienced a long and disappointing peregrination, which ended on our doorstep. The birds were fledged, with little of the down remaining and the tail about half an inch long. It is unlikely, therefore, that they had arrived at the stage of voluntarily leaving the nest. They had no idea of opening the beak to take food, which is usual at that stage, so it was a matter of

teaching them by forcing the beak open and pushing food down the throat. At the fourth lesson they began to get the idea, and at the sixth feed they gaped of their own accord at sight of the food held before them in forceps. Thereafter there was no further trouble, each threw open its beak wide the moment food appeared, or even if there was any movement in the vicinity of their cage.

In learning to feed, the young birds are helped at first by simple inborn reactions. Before the eyes open, the vibration of the parent landing on the nest causes them to gape vertically. When the eyes have opened, the gape is directed at the parent, or at any moving body remotely resembling a parent. From this point, presumably, they become conditioned to taking food from the parent only. They are conditioned to the sight of the parent, so when they are orphaned, and everything is strange, including the instrument holding the food, they fail at first to respond. They must be taught, and in this teaching it is important always to use the same forceps, the same food bowl and, for that matter, the same person. Once they have relearned the art of feeding, anybody can feed them.

It would appear that the education of young birds, certainly of these two magpies, is assisted

BABY MAGPIE MIMICS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

by their tendency to copy the actions of each other. Thus, when the magpies had learned once more to gape, as soon as one opened its beak the other would do so also. Should it happen that they were sitting quietly on their perch side by side, as was their habit, and later one of them moved, the other would turn and open its beak towards the first. At once, the first one would then open its beak also, and on many occasions we saw them perched side by side, opening their beaks at each other and squawking in the usual supplicating manner.

The same copying was seen when they first started to preen themselves. One initiated the action and it was followed almost at once by the other. Moreover, they imitated the details of the

can see that they all fly down together and fly off together, it being enough for one to initiate the movement for the rest to follow. It may even be that because there are only two magpies the tendency to copy each other is accentuated. From them, however, it is easy to see how a combination of individual actions and a tendency to copy the movements of others can allow for individual freedom yet ensure the necessary cohesion to keep the family together.

The magpies were kept indoors in a small cage while being hand-fed. This was a matter of our convenience. As soon as they could feed themselves, they were put in the large cage, on the lawn, where they could have the benefit of the sunshine. They were given a bowl of water, for drinking, and the first thing that happened was that one bathed in it, and as soon as he came out, the other went in and bathed, also. Bathing is accompanied by definite bodily actions, and the

movements involved are easy to recognise. This was the magpies' first bathe, and the only one they have taken up to now. On the other hand, it does sometimes happen that one will put his beak into the water and, while still on dry land, go through the whole bathing sequence. The other does not copy this. There was an occasion, however, when one of them stepped into the bath, but he remained standing in it and made no attempt to bathe. The other, which was in the process of following this one into the bath, but had only reached the rim of it, thereupon crouched low and, without touching a single drop of water, went through the whole action of bathing.

This last incident may not be wholly in line with the rest of the imitating I have been discussing, but it is one further indication of the close links between young birds which make concerted family life possible. Carry-

ing the analysis further, it can be noted that the three most obvious, and probably most frequent, actions copied by the magpies refer to feeding, preening and bathing. These three require no learning, and little experience, for their perfection. They belong to a group of innate patterns of behaviour, which can either arise spontaneously within the individual, or can be touched off by external stimuli, and the stimulus, as in yawning, can be the sight of another performing the act. It is well known that we may yawn, without being tired, because someone within our sight has yawned. Copying these has little practical value.

There are, on the other hand, other innate reactions of great importance in the lives of animals. One of these, known as the escape reaction, enables the individual to take evasive action automatically in the presence of a predator. This involves movement; and copying the movements of another, as seen in the magpies, provides the necessary equipment for setting off the escape reaction without the stimulus of seeing the predator. In a family of birds, if one takes fright and flies off, the rest will follow, not from seeing the source of danger but as the mere result of copying the actions of the one who has seen it.



LOOKING ABSURDLY OLD AND MATURE: A PAIR OF YOUNG MAGPIES.

One of the outstanding features—apart from the large beak—of these two young magpies is the way in which they copy each other's movements. Apart from anything else, this has the effect of keeping them together as a family unit, for not only is it that what one does the other imitates, but where one goes the other follows. (Photograph by Jane Burton.)

preening. If one fluffed the breast feathers and probed among them with his beak, the other did likewise. When one decided to preen his left wing, the other did the same. Later, this became more pronounced. Even when the two were on perches at opposite ends of the cage, so that they were 4 ft. apart, if one raised himself on his long legs to stretch, or spread one wing downwards and stretched a leg at the same time, the other would follow with less than a second's interval.

It would be wrong to say that they copy each other always, minutely and in every detail, but they do so more often than not. So it is possible to see a general cohesion in their actions. If one flies down from a perch to feed, now that they are feeding themselves, the other will follow. When one flies from one perch to another, the other will follow. It is easy to see that if all young birds have this same habit of copying the actions of another, the task of the parents must be materially assisted thereby.

The family of sparrows, consisting of seven individuals, offer a less easy chance of sorting out what they are doing, especially as they form part of a congregation of other birds assembled on the lawn, and are mingling with them. At least we



THE PRIME MINISTER: THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HAROLD MACMILLAN, P.C., M.P.

Mr. Macmillan was educated at Eton and Balliol, and in the First World War served with the Grenadier Guards, winning the M.C. and being wounded three times. During the Second World War he was from 1942 to 1945 Minister Resident at Allied H.Q. in North-West Africa, an appointment which brought him into close contact with General Eisenhower. With the return to power of the Conservatives in 1951 he became Minister of Housing and Local Government. In this office he greatly enhanced his reputation by fulfilling the Party's

election pledge to build 300,000 houses a year. In December 1955 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Almost immediately he introduced firm measures to deal with the country's economic problems. The Bank rate was raised, hire purchase restrictions were intensified and other adjustments made. Another of his measures was the controversial premium bonds scheme. Mr. Macmillan succeeded Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister in January this year, shortly before his sixty-third birthday.



A "MUSICAL RIDE" OF THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE RHYTHM OF SPIRITED HORSEMANSHIP CAPTURED IN A DRAWING BY STEFANO DELLA BELLA (1610-64).

The Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry has always been a most popular feature of the Royal Tournament; and the combination of brilliant riding, noble horses and colourful uniforms has again and again enthralled huge audiences—as it has done for untold centuries. It is the thrill of this spectacle that the Italian artist, Stefano della Bella, has here drawn so skilfully. This Florentine artist was one of the most gifted

of seventeenth-century engravers and it is thought that this drawing must have been made as a study for a series of plates which he etched to illustrate the *Balletto a Cavallo* performed in honour of the Archdukes Ferdinand and Sigismund of Austria and the Archduchess Anna of Tuscany, in Modena in April 1652, and in della Bella's own city of Florence later that month. (Pen and water-colour; 13 by 9 ins.)

Reproduced by courtesy of Francis Stonor, Esq.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK; AND RECIPIENTS OF BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



**CREATED A BARON:
SIR HORACE EVANS.**

Sir Horace Evans has been Physician to the Queen since 1952, and is Physician to London Hospital and the Royal Masonic Hospital. He was Physician to King George VI from 1949 to 1952, and was also Physician to Queen Mary.



**CREATED A VISCOUNT: LORD MACKINTOSH
OF HALIFAX.**

Lord Mackintosh, who was created a Baron in 1948, has since 1943 been Chairman of the National Savings Committee. He is Deputy Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire.



**CREATED A BARON:
MR. J. ARTHUR RANK.**

Mr. Joseph Arthur Rank is a powerful and well-known figure in both the film and the flour-milling industries. He is Chairman of Ranks Ltd. and Joseph Rank Ltd., and also of The Rank Organisation, Ltd.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR: MR. CHARLES
GEDDES.**

Mr. Charles Geddes is a former President of the T.U.C. and is now a member of its General Council. He is a leader of the Post Office Workers' Union.



**CREATED A BARONET: MR.
FITZROY MACLEAN, M.P.**

Mr. Fitzroy Maclean has been M.P. for Lancaster since 1941 and after a distinguished war career was Parliamentary Under-Sec. of State and Financial Secretary, War Office, 1954-57.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR: MR. WILLIAM
EMSLEY CARR.**

One of the representatives of journalism to receive an award in the Birthday Honours was Mr. William Emsley Carr. He is Chairman of *The News of the World*.

**CREATED A BARON: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR
WILLOUGHBY NORRIE.**

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie has been Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand since 1952. Previously he was Governor of the State of South Australia.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR: MR. GEOFFREY
CROWTHER.**

Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, formerly Editor and now Managing Director of *The Economist*, has been designated a Knight for services to journalism.



AN OUTSTANDING BEQUEST: THE LATE MR. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, WHO HAS LEFT WADDESDON MANOR AND ITS PRICELESS TREASURES TO THE NATIONAL TRUST.

The will, leaving an estate valued at more than £11,000,000, of the late Mr. James A. de Rothschild, who died in May, was published on June 12, and revealed that Waddesdon Manor, in Buckinghamshire, with its outstanding collection of works of art, had been conditionally left to the National Trust, together with an endowment fund of £750,000.



**APPOINTED A COMPANION
OF HONOUR: SIR THOMAS
BEECHAM.**

Sir Thomas Beecham, who is seventy-eight and who was created a Knight in 1916, has been appointed a Companion of Honour for his services to Music.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR: MR. DONALD
WOLFIT.**

Mr. Donald Wolfitt, the well-known actor-manager, was designated a Knight in the Birthday Honours. He was designated C.B.E. in 1950.



**APPOINTED A COMPANION
OF HONOUR: THE MOST
REV. J. A. F. GREGG.**

The Most Rev. John Allan Fitzgerald Gregg, the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, was appointed C.H.



**DESIGNATED A D.B.E.:
MRS. ANNE BRYANS,**

OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS. Mrs. Anne Bryans is Deputy Chairman of the British Red Cross Society Executive Committee and Vice-Chairman, Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton.



**A GIFTED ARCHITECT: THE LATE MR. G. GREY
WORNUM, WHO DIED IN NEW YORK.**

Mr. G. Grey Wornum, who died in New York on June 11, aged sixty-nine, made many notable contributions to British architecture, and was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1952 after his successful replanning of Parliament Square. Mr. Wornum was appointed a C.B.E. in the Birthday Honours List which was published two days after his death.



**A DEVOTED WORKER IN THE
SALVATION ARMY: THE LATE
MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.**

Mrs. Bramwell Booth, who died on June 10 at the age of ninety-five, was the widow of the second General of the Salvation Army and was herself the leader of its work among women for many years. She founded the Women's Social Welfare Branch of the Army in 1883.



**THE NEW GREEK AMBASSADOR:
MR. GEORGE SEFERIADES.**

Mr. Seferiades, the new Greek Ambassador, arrived in London from Athens by air on June 15. Mr. Seferiades, who is a poet and translator of note, was formerly a Counsellor at the Greek Embassy in London. Following the liberation of Greece he was Chief du Cabinet during the Regency of Archbishop Damaskinos.



**A GOVERNMENT CHANGE: LORD MANCROFT—
TO BE MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO.**

Lord Mancroft is to succeed Lord Munster as Minister Without Portfolio, it was announced on June 11. In his new post Lord Mancroft will continue to act as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Defence, and there is to be no new appointment to that office. Lord Munster resigned in order to devote more time to work in the Conservative Party organisation.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BLARNEY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SINCE my last article I have undergone an intensive course in blarneying. Anna Massey, abetted by her dramatist, Jack Popplewell, began it when—aided by an Irish accent that came and went—she dropped in with the stolen pearls; Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds charmed me into placid acceptance of the unknown Channel isle of Terhou; Yvonne Arnaud, addressing us in the voice of a wood-pigeon fed on Turkish delight, cajoled me into believing that she was a dried-fruit importer in Covent Garden; and as for George Farquhar—who was an Irishman, anyway—nothing could be more blarneying than some of his "Beaux' Stratagem" prose. What about the tankard that "smells of nutmeg and toast like an East-India ship"?

By this time I ought to be purring as comfortably as our yellow cat, *Orlando*, who sits on a large pile of telephone directories, and who refuses to move. (If you try to detach S-to-Z from the bottom of the pile, he merely purrs louder, his own form of blarneying, and sadly you relinquish the call.) If I am not purring now as freely as I ought, that is because one or two of the week's authors have forgotten that too much charm—unless treated with tact—can be like too much toffee. Not that toffee is other than excellent, but we can remember with advantage what the Duke of Dunstable said about it: "To live on toffee . . . to suppose that you care for nothing but toffee, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but toffee were offered to you—how would you like that?"

"Dear Delinquent," at the Westminster, does cloy a little. It took me some time to resist its charms. For one thing it is wildly, and disarmingly, old-fashioned. Melting young jewel-thieves, men-about-town with nothing to do but grumble in a soap-bubble voice, Wodehousian valets, toiling police-officers: these are the charming properties of a lost stage. Mr. Popplewell keeps pushing them forward (and often allowing them to say theatrically apt things) with an insistence that is nothing but blarney. On the night it nearly worked. I ought not to be ungrateful. If I am, it is because while the pearls were being whipped from hand to hand during the last act, it was borne in upon me that the whole thing could have been managed in less than half the time.

Thenceforward I was lost. Even Laurence Hardy's Irish accent, Miss Massey's lack of it, David Tomlinson's dither, Aubrey Dexter's relentless twinkle, and Patrick Cargill's gentlemen's-gentleman relish, could not disguise the fact that the dramatist was teasing out his material thinly while fixing us with a bright smile and blarneying away for all he was worth.

On the following night I realised what he had lacked: a musical score, preferably by Julian Slade. "Free As Air" (Savoy) had so much charm that I ought to have been stifled by it; but I fell at once into the state of reverie called "kef" or "kief"—not, let me say quickly, the "drowsy state produced by bhang," but the sheer "enjoyment of idleness." This piece is something for the idler: something for anybody who likes now and again to laze on a beach, listening to the lapping of the tide. Terrible, no doubt, when in the *avant-garde* theatre we should all be up and doing, arguing incomprehensibly and interminably about nothing in particular. But there is room for "Free As Air," for its special form of gentleness, the Terhou brand of blarney

(Terhou is an isle somewhere beyond Jersey, but you need not ask me to be more precise), and its realisation that, in the light musical-comedy theatre, melody is a useful part of the night.



"YVONNE ARNAUD, ADDRESSING US IN THE VOICE OF A WOOD-PIGEON FED ON TURKISH DELIGHT, CAJOLED ME INTO BELIEVING THAT SHE WAS A DRIED-FRUIT IMPORTER IN COVENT GARDEN": A SCENE FROM "SIX MONTHS' GRACE," BY ROBERT MORLEY AND DUNDAS HAMILTON (PHENIX), SHOWING MICHAEL SHEPLEY AND YVONNE ARNAUD AS GEORGE AND GRACE BARNES.



"IT TOOK ME SOME TIME TO RESIST ITS CHARMS. FOR ONE THING IT IS WILDLY, AND DISARMINGLY, OLD-FASHIONED": "DEAR DELINQUENT" (WESTMINSTER), SHOWING A SCENE FROM JACK POPPLEWELL'S COMEDY, WITH (L. TO R.) PENELOPE SHAWN (ANNA MASSEY); HELEN CHANDLER (JOSEPHINE MARTIN) AND DAVID WARREN (DAVID TOMLINSON).

I feel that "Free As Air" can withstand the thunder of my colleagues, and that, months from now—though prophecies must always fret me—

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WOZZECK" and "LEONCE AND LENA" (Sadler's Wells).—Büchner's plays, staged in German, by the Kurfürstendamm Theatre Company. (June 17.)

"HENRY THE FIFTH" (Oxford).—Oxford University Dramatic Society presents Shakespeare's chronicle in the Deer Park of Magdalen, directed by Peter Dews. (June 19.)

"THE MAKING OF MOO" (Royal Court).—A comedy by Nigel Dennis, who wrote "Cards of Identity." (June 25.)

it will look calmly across the Strand to the Vaudeville Theatre, where "Salad Days" still runs on and on. This is the Slade-Reynolds quarter of London; I was not among the cheerleaders for "Salad Days," but "Free As Air" has a healing quality. "Let the grass grow!" as one of its lyrics says; let there be gratitude for Terhou ("Jug-jug!" is the required reply), with Dorothy Reynolds—the co-librettist—in a serene portrait of spinsterhood, Michael Aldridge and Howard Goorney as her hopeful friends, and Patricia Bredin and Gillian Lewis singing away to the sky and sea. I dare say that this is mild and innocent and all the rest of it; but I would not have it otherwise. The director is Denis Carey; if I had not just read a Fourth Leader, complaining wittily about the vogue-word, I would thank him for a production that is blessedly relaxed.

The blarney of "Six Months' Grace," at the Phoenix, invites more resistance. Not that we can resist Yvonne Arnaud's voice, which is like the simmering of a hookah, a contented gurgle-cum-tweet. But the play—by Robert Morley and Dundas Hamilton—is the kind of invention that, too often, the authors (in irrepressible laughter themselves) have written without troubling to ask whether an audience will laugh with them.

It is funny enough to suppose that the wife acted by Miss Arnaud could become the chairman of her husband's dried-fruit importing company in Covent Garden. We have to read on from there, and alas! there is not very much to read. It is genial nonsense, but put together in an inconsequent let's-try-this manner which suggests that the authors, aware of their own charm and of Miss Arnaud's, feel that it will be enough, without elaboration, for a night at the play. It is not enough, though it might do very well for an hour, and though we are always glad to meet Michael

Shepley. By now we are sure that anyone Mr. Shepley acts must be a very human type. We enjoy seeing the first dim outline of a thought begin to show, like the glimmer of day-break, behind those anxious eyes. Nobody can act an endearing, solid and unimaginative character better than Mr. Shepley can, though we realise how moving and sensitive he can be if ever a dramatist lets him have the chance, which is seldom.

Finally, George Farquhar, who knew that charm, when properly applied, could be like bloom on a play. Again he stroked me through "The Beaux' Stratagem," the comedy he wrote on his last sick-bed. Personally, I am ever happy to hear such prose in the theatre as Mrs. Sullen speaks during her first scene; but Farquhar's play depends less upon its style than its genuine high spirits. So much Restoration comedy seems to derive from a sealed, airless room at midnight. Farquhar's plays are ventilated; his dear delinquents are as free as air, and it is usually pleasant to take a tour round Lichfield with Archer and Aimwell.

The Birmingham Repertory production, smoothed along swiftly by Bernard Hepton in spacious Paul Shelving sets, is graced by Nancie Jackson's Mrs. Sullen (every speech pointed without fuss) and by Albert Finney's Archer, a performance, supple and spirited, by a young actor who is bound for the crest of our stage. I have never heard Archer's speech on "the appearance of a stranger in a country church" spoken with more abounding good humour. Farquhar, of course, was an Irishman, and we might expect him to know the secret of blarney. But Mr. Finney, it seems, is a Salford man. . . .

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS IN PICTURES.



A NEW CANVAS COVER FOR THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON: STANDING ON THE COVER IS MISS PIGOTT, WHO SEWED TOGETHER THE NUMEROUS STRIPS OF CANVAS.



MIRACULOUSLY RESCUED AFTER FALLING OVERBOARD IN THE PACIFIC: SECOND OFFICER DOUGLAS M. WARDROP, OF KENT.

Second Officer Wardrop fell overboard from the cargo motor-ship *British Record* in the Pacific Ocean at 4.30 a.m. on June 9. He was not missed until 8 a.m., when his ship turned round and, having searched 100 miles of sea, picked him up safely at 1.30 p.m. During his nine hours in the water Wardrop was kept company by a turtle, and "shocked" repeatedly by an electric eel.



THE LAST DAY OF THE MAY RACES AT CAMBRIDGE: JESUS, WHO REMAINED HEAD OF THE RIVER, AND QUEENS' PASSING DITTON CORNER.

The May races at Cambridge this year were rowed in perfect May Week weather, and on the last night of the races Jesus remained head. They had rowed over the previous three days and went head in 1955. Pembroke succeeded in catching Lady Margaret to finish third.



TROOPING THE COLOUR AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE. CHELTENHAM IS ONE OF THE TWO SCHOOLS WITH A CADET CORPS PRIVILEGED TO CARRY COLOURS.



READY FOR THE U.S. INTERNATIONAL NAVAL REVIEW: (L. TO R.) U.S.S. SARATOGA (60,000 TONS), H.M.S. ARK ROYAL (36,800 TONS STANDARD) (LEFT) AND U.S.S. VALLEY FORGE (30,800 TONS STANDARD).

On June 12, 113 warships of eighteen nations were passed in review by Mr. Wilson, the U.S. Secretary of Defence, at Norfolk, Virginia, as part of the Jamestown celebrations of the 350th anniversary of the first British settlement in North America. This was probably the last big ship assembly on traditional lines.



ON THE FINAL DAY OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING OF THE R.A.F. SMALL ARMS ASSOCIATION: SENIOR OFFICERS COMPARING NOTES ON THEIR MARKSMANSHIP, WHILE A RANGE OFFICER CHECKS THE TARGETS.

This photograph, taken at Bisley on June 14, shows (l. to r.) Air Vice-Marshal G. Silyn-Roberts, Air Vice-Marshal J. G. W. Weston and Air Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, comparing notes on their marksmanship while a range officer checks the targets during the Air Officers' Sub-Machine Gun Match.

ART NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: AN OUTSTANDING SALEROOM RECORD AND OTHER ITEMS.



AT THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S WORLD TOUR EXHIBITION IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE: MR. EDWARD SEAGO WITH SOME OF HIS PAINTINGS OF THE TOUR. The Duke of Edinburgh's World Tour, 1956-57, Exhibition, which continues until to-day (June 22), is in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. As well as the great variety of souvenirs brought back by the Duke, the exhibition shows forty-seven paintings by Edward Seago, a selection of which were published in our issue of March 30.



ONE OF THE HIGHEST AUCTION PRICES EVER RECORDED FOR A PAINTING: £104,000 PAID IN PARIS FOR "NATURE MORTE AUX POMMES," PAINTED BY PAUL GAUGUIN.

(Right.) A GIFT TO THE RYKSMUSEUM KROELLER-MUELLER AT OTTERLO, IN HOLLAND: A PAINTING OF A NUDE BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, FROM THE WILHELM WEINBERG COLLECTION.

On June 19 the executors of the late Wilhelm Weinberg were to present this famous Toulouse-Lautrec to the Ryksmuseum Kroeller-Mueller. This picture had been left to the Museum as a token of gratitude to Holland, where Mr. Weinberg began collecting, and in memory of the donor's three children, who died during the Second World War. It will be the first work by Toulouse-Lautrec in this Museum, which is famed for its collection of Van Gogh's. Fifty-six works from the Weinberg Collection are to be sold at Sotheby's on July 10.



A TENSE MOMENT AT THE GALERIE CHARPENTIER ON JUNE 14: BIDDING IN PROGRESS FOR THE MAGNIFICENT GAUGUIN STILL-LIFE.

There was great excitement during the outstanding sale of modern French pictures from the collection of the late Mrs. Margaret Biddle, when this famous Gauguin painting (which was reproduced on page 945 in our issue of June 8) fell to an American buyer for £104,000, a price which does not include the taxes and commission which the buyer has to pay, and which constitutes a French record. Further high prices brought the total for the day's sale to £445,000.



AN OUTSTANDING GIFT TO THE NATION: THE GREY DRAWING-ROOM IN THE LATE MR. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD'S BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOME OF WADDESDON MANOR, WHICH HE HAS LEFT TO THE NATIONAL TRUST.

The late Mr. James de Rothschild's bequest to the National Trust of Waddesdon Manor, with its magnificent collection of paintings and other works of art, constitutes one of the most outstanding gifts ever made to the public by a private collector. In this photograph of the Grey Drawing-Room, two of the famous Reynolds' portraits are seen together with some of the superb French furniture. The famous commode from the Hamilton Palace sale is seen under the mirror.



AMONG THE "GUELPH TREASURE" AT THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART, OHIO: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY LIMOGES ENAMEL PLAQUE ILLUSTRATING THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. THOMAS BECKET.

In the Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio, there are two rare pieces in the "Guelph Treasure" which are connected with St. Thomas Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury. This *champlevé* plaque of Limoges enamel, dating from c. 1220, shows the Crucifixion flanked by the Martyrdom of Archbishop Becket. There is also a silver-gilt reliquary in the form of a book, made by a fourteenth-century Brunswick goldsmith, which shows St. Thomas.

Fortnum's

are celebrating their

250th Anniversary

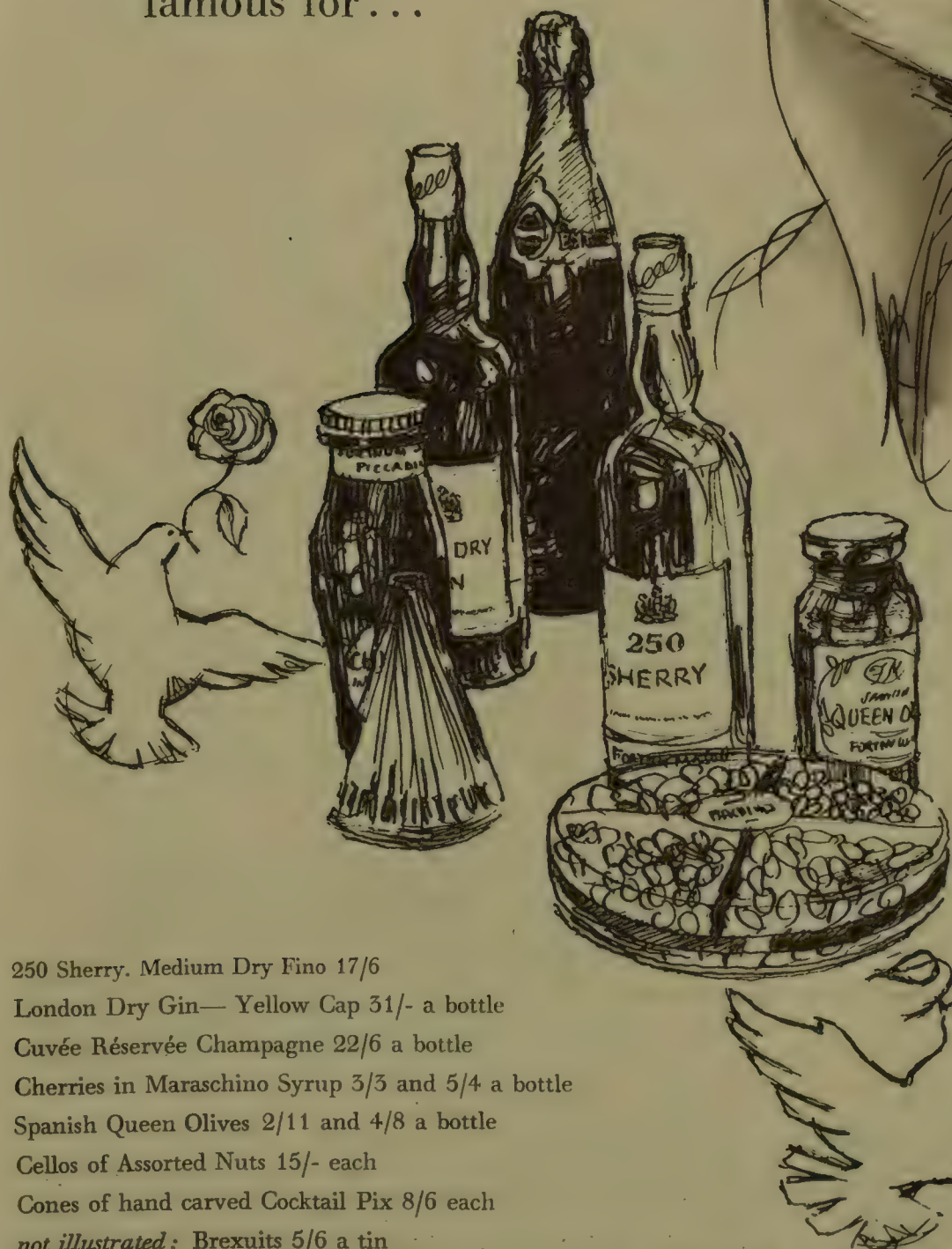
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT cannot be said that the débâcle of a middle-aged American adolescent, crushed by self-pity and financial and father trouble, sounds either an original or an attractive theme. But one never knows: not even when—as in “Seize the Day,” by Saul Bellow (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 10s. 6d.)—he is an ex-salesman to boot.

Tommy Wilhelm, at forty-four, has a kind of lumbering, forlorn charm and an almost permanent sensation of choking. He has been such a fool all his days. He is a fool even to be named Tommy; he was born Wilhelm Adler, but in his impulsive youth, out of a great longing to be Tommy, he made this clutch at personal freedom. And of course it didn't come off. All his ideas, from film acting to matrimony, have been calamitous *a priori*. Indeed he plunged for them, after long and agonising debate, simply on that account. “Ten such decisions made up the history of his life. He had decided that it would be a bad mistake to go to Hollywood, and then he went. He had made up his mind not to marry his wife, but ran off and got married.” And then he had to walk out on her, at the cost of his two boys, and of an extortion campaign intended to drag him back. More recently, he has blundered out of a job and moved into his father's hotel on Broadway. Old Dr. Adler, “with all his might a healthy and fine small old man,” brags of his hippopotamus of a son to the other guests, but can hardly bear the sight of him, and is blandly resolved neither to incur his effusions nor to give him money. Advice, yes; he would advise water and massage, and avoidance of the “psychiatrist,” Dr. Tamkin. However, he is too late; Wilhelm has already signed away the last of his capital, for Tamkin to invest on the commodity market. They have bought all that lard. . . . And besides, he didn't need warning. Consciously, he has the most racking doubts of this guru, and is always taking a new look at him, to no purpose. But underneath, he knows what to think. It was the “flavour of fatality” in Tamkin which drew the money from him.

And this is the day of reckoning. It owes its charm, first of all, to Wilhelm's self-knowledge and genuinely endearing, though tiresome character. Secondly, to the truth of feeling; there is a level on which self-pity and consciousness of the human struggle are the same thing. And not least, to the comedy. Tamkin is excellent. The whole manner is excellent—though the “catharsis” does not explain what next.

OTHER FICTION.

“A Ship of Glass,” by John Coates (Gollancz; 15s.), has not the same unity of appeal. Nicholas Hearne, a young Englishman of correct and somewhat genteel upbringing, becomes involved, during a Greek earthquake, with an Icelandic divinity. On the strength of his rescue work, followed by ecstatic union on “the bright roof of the world,” she labels Nicholas a great man. “Greater,” she is presently to add, “than he's allowed to be in this house.” And indeed at Marlborough, under his mother's roof, circumstances are very different. Here it is thought “funny” to be Icelandic, to have learnt bread-making, to drink tea with the maids—for that matter, to have been brought up on Homer, Shakespeare and the sagas by a Member of Parliament who was also a poet. And Nicholas won't make love to her in the spinney, because someone might come. “My poor little Nicholas,” she says then. And later on, as he persists in not living up to her, she puts him emotionally on ice till better days. She is a destroying influence; she is a divine influence. . . . Both sides are very vigorously expressed, and it would be a pleasure to join in.

A different type of novel is “The Impostor,” by Jean Cocteau (Peter Owen; 12s. 6d.). This is an early work, a fantasy of the 1914 War. The widowed Princesse de Bormes, a freakish, heavenly sprite, “adores fashions, grave or gay.” Consequently, she is athirst for the battle zone, and has trumped up a first-aid unit. But there is a difficulty about permits—till she enrolls a child of sixteen, masquerading in uniform as “General de Fontenoy's nephew.” At that name, everyone jumps to it; while little Guillaume becomes the pet of the convoy, and then of a marine sector on the Belgian front, and dies a hero, still play-acting. It is all pantomime—every bit; the sets, at Coxyde especially, are remarkable, but the translation is rather muffled.

“Wait for a Corpse,” by Max Murray (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), has a village scene, with John Stanley, the young farmer-squire, as narrator, his Pecksniffian uncle by marriage as corpse-elect, and a country-bred inspector from Scotland Yard in the rôle of casual labourer. For it seems the police have an interest in Uncle Titus. And the village thinks he murdered his wife. Yet he is untouchable; he toils ostentatiously at the rehabilitation of felons and the defence of morals, and seems likely to oust dear old Sir William Craine at the next election. This is a peculiarly quiet story, with an old gipsy matriarch in it, a background of village feeling, a subdued, legato, almost elegiac effect. Only too attractive, as a swan song. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM NAVAL HISTORY TO PRESERVING THE COUNTRYSIDE.

FINDING out what was happening on “the other side of the hill” in warfare is always interesting, witness the popularity of the many books by German generals and others which have appeared recently. M. René Maine, the distinguished French naval historian (his book on the Battle of Jutland is a classic), has now written the French point of view, “Trafalgar: Napoleon's Naval Waterloo” (Thames and Hudson; 21s.). As he points out, when *The Times* announced the result of the battle, it did so in the terms of an ordinary naval victory. Yet it was far more than that. It saw the final destruction of Napoleon's plans for an invasion of England. By giving Britain complete naval supremacy, it foreshadowed Napoleon's final defeat and by the

annihilation at sea of the only power which could have challenged that supremacy, it made the Royal Navy for the whole of the nineteenth century the greatest active force for the preservation of peace that the modern world has seen. There are a number of fascinating “ifs” which emerge. What would have been the outcome if Admiral Bruix, the only French naval leader comparable to Nelson's great captains, had enjoyed better health and had not died at a critical moment during the invasion preparations? or if Latouche-Tréville, his only rival in capacity, had not also died suddenly? If winds favourable to the French had succeeded in driving off the blockading British squadrons and given Napoleon the twelve-hour free hand in the Channel he desired, could he, in fact, have got his vast, unwieldy invasion fleet ashore on the coast of Kent? The trouble about the French Navy was not so much any inferiority in the quality of ships, as the fact that the officers belonged, for the most part, to the *ancien régime*, and disliked their master and failed to understand their men. Moreover, the Battle of the Nile had given the French an inferiority complex at the very mention of the name of Nelson. Nevertheless, Trafalgar could still have resulted in a Franco-Spanish victory had not Dumanoir continued (in spite of Villeneuve's signal number 5: “Any ship that is not in action is not at her post, and must take up whatever position will bring her most quickly into the firing line”) serenely on his northward course with eight fresh ships which had not been under fire at all. The casualties on the Franco-Spanish side were then without precedent in naval history. They amounted to some 6500 killed and wounded, of which 3000 killed and 1000 wounded were French. Ten commanding officers were dead, the three leading Spanish admirals and ten other commanding officers were more or less seriously wounded. But the real price which France paid for defeat was her destruction as a naval power, and the great ships locked in smoke-shrouded grapple in the heavy swell off Cape Trafalgar were the ultimate cause of the rout of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

During the last war, Mr. James Riddell, the famous pre-war international skier, became chief instructor to the Middle East Alpine Warfare Ski School with its headquarters in the Lebanon. He has written an unusual account of his experiences in “Dog in the Snow” (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.). The dog in question was an Alsatian of the name of *Rex*, which took to Mr. Riddell and accompanied him everywhere on his ski-ing expeditions. Mr. Riddell writes as well as he skis—and that is very well indeed. I should be surprised if this wholly delightful book does not have a great success.

In “Poison on the Land: the War on Wild Life, and Some Remedies” (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.) Mr. J. Wentworth Day is concerned with the appalling effects of modern farming methods, and particularly with the use of modern insecticides on the wild life of this country. As he rightly says: “Who wants the Britain of broad bright fields, of tall woods brilliant against gentle hills, of water-meadows and shining rivers where birds sing and animals gladden the eye to become a silent land where no wild life stirs? It is a nightmare vision. The birdless fields of France, the gloomy forests of Germany and the vast timberlands of North America, where the only living sound is the cry of the ‘whisky-jack’ or the rustle of a porcupine, are ghastly reminders of what the reckless destruction of bird and animal life can mean. It has happened elsewhere. It can happen here. Thus a countryside loses its soul.” Mr. Wentworth Day is a great

naturalist, a great countryman and a great sportsman. Landowners, farmers and the “blear-eyed chemists,” as Sir Winston Churchill once described them, would do well to pay attention to his analysis, and also to his admirably set-out suggestions.

It is with great pleasure that I recommend Mr. John Pudney's “Collected Poems” (Putnam; 18s.). Those who remember Mr. Pudney when he was in the R.A.F. and writing the very moving poems which he wrote from first-hand experience of individual pilots and air-crews during the more critical times of the air war will be pleased to see that he reprints a number of them in this volume. Here is imaged, bravery without heroics; here is natural pathos without sentiment, and here in the later poems, particularly the Christmas carols, humour which invites a chuckle. A notable contribution to contemporary poetry. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

MY notes to this game, which won him a brilliancy prize in the World Championship “zonal” tournament, are based on Svetozar Gligoric's comments on it to me on the boat on the way back.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

GLIGORIC	ALEXANDER	GLIGORIC	ALEXANDER
White	Black	White	Black

1. P-K4	P-K4	2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3
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Alexander has remained sporadically faithful to this rather unusual defence throughout the years. It once earned him a draw against Alekhine—useful enough, with the black pieces!

3. P-Q4	Kt×P	5. Kt×P	B-Q3
4. B-Q3	P-Q4	6. Kt-QB3	

As usual, in the introductory sparring, both contestants have been glancing over their shoulder at recent tournament games. Two well-known recent games have gone 5. . . . B-K2; 6. Castles. Possibly Alexander hoped that Gligoric would continue 6. Castles against his 5. . . . B-Q3, but that would be bad, the bishop being more aggressively placed on Q3, whereas 6. Kt-QB3, attacking White's outpost knight at once, is very good. Gligoric is on the alert.

6. . . .	Kt-KB3	11. B-KB4	Kt×Kt
7. Castles	Kt-B3	12. P×Kt	Kt-Q2
8. R-K1	Castles	13. P-QB3	R-K1
9. B-KKt5	B-K3	14. Kt-Q4	Kt-B1
10. Kt-Kt5	B-K2	15. Q-R5	

It takes two to produce a first-class game. The beauty of this one is, that Alexander plays a most resourceful opening and attains a position (after 24. Kt-Kt5, Kt-K3) which appears, on the face of it, good enough for a draw. Gligoric shows it to have fatal defects; but only by employment of the most refined technique.

15. . . .	P-KKt5	20. P-KB4	P-QB4
16. Q-R6	Q-Q2	21. Kt-B3	P-B4
17. B-KKt5	B×B	22. B-B2	K-R1
18. Q×B	Q-K2	23. QR-Q1	B-B3
19. Q-Kt3	B-Q2	24. Kt-Kt5	Kt-K3

This is the main idea of Alexander's defence. The position is now blocked right across the board. White's king's pawn is “passed” but is blocked. Black's QP might become an object of attack but can be defended *ad lib.*, and, as long as it remains on Q4 with partners on the rank, denies White's pieces all the middle of the board. We shall see later there is a “shadow side” to all this, as the Dutch say.

25. Kt×Kt	Q×Kt	28. B-B3	R-Q2
26. R-Q2	P-QR4	29. Q-B2	P-Kt3
27. B-Q1	QR-Q1		

“With Alexander forced to make this move,” Gligoric told me, “I suddenly scented victory.” There is no even plausible alternative. Now, however, Black's bishop is protected only by its queen. Consequently, P-QB4 by White at any time can only be answered by . . . P×P if Black is prepared to accept the consequences of the reply B×B, Q×B; P-K6, attacking a rook and cutting off his queen from the king's side. White methodically ensures that this last factor shall prove fatal, by setting up an explosive situation on the king's side; and in due course . . . P-QB4 touches off the bang.

30. P-KR3	R(K1)-Q1	31. Q-R4	R-KB1
31. . . . P-Q5?	32. B×B, Q×B;	33. P-K6,	

followed by Q-B6ch, is an example of the sort of possibility continually confronting Black now.

32. K-R2	R-KKt2	37. R-K1	R-K1
33. Q-Kt5	R-Q2	38. P-KKt4	RP×P
34. R(K1)-Q1	K-Kt2	39. P×P	K-Kt1
35. Q-R4	P-R4	40. K-Kt3	R-KR2
36. Q-Kt5	K-R2	41. P-B4	

At last! Black, seeing that 41. . . . P-Q5 or 41. . . . P×BP would now lose against 42. P×P! tried 41. . . . P×KtP, desperately hoping for 42. P×P? R-R6ch; 43. K-Kt2, P×Bch. But after 42. B×KtP, Black resigned. The only even reasonable reply, 42. . . . Q-B2, would leave White, after 43. P×P, B×P; 44. R×B, Q×R; 45. Q×Pch, etc., a piece to the good.



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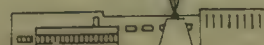
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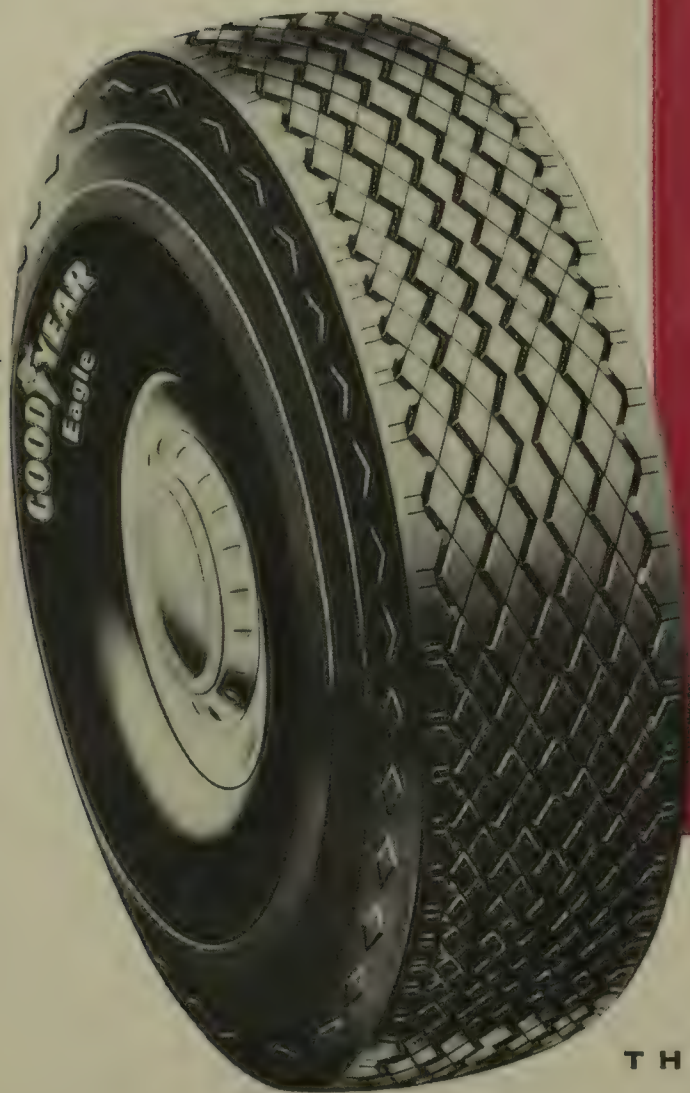
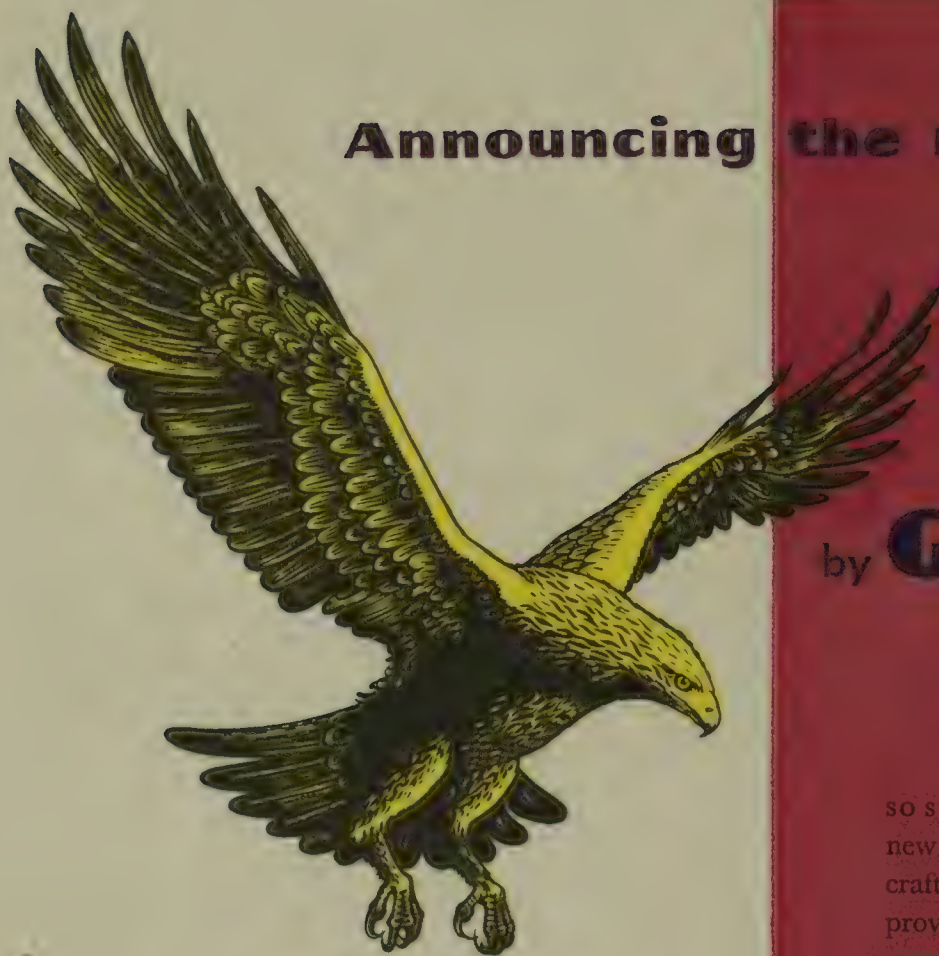
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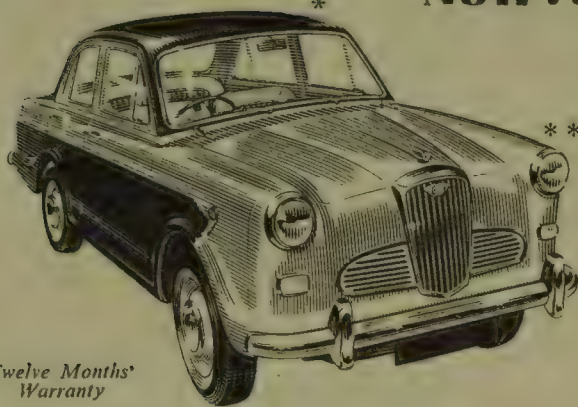
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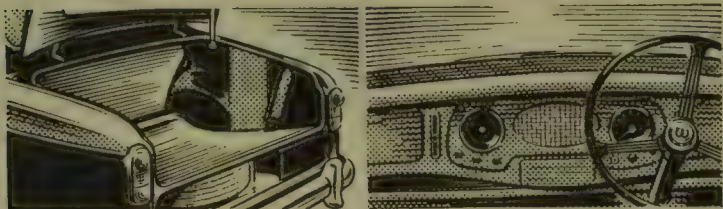
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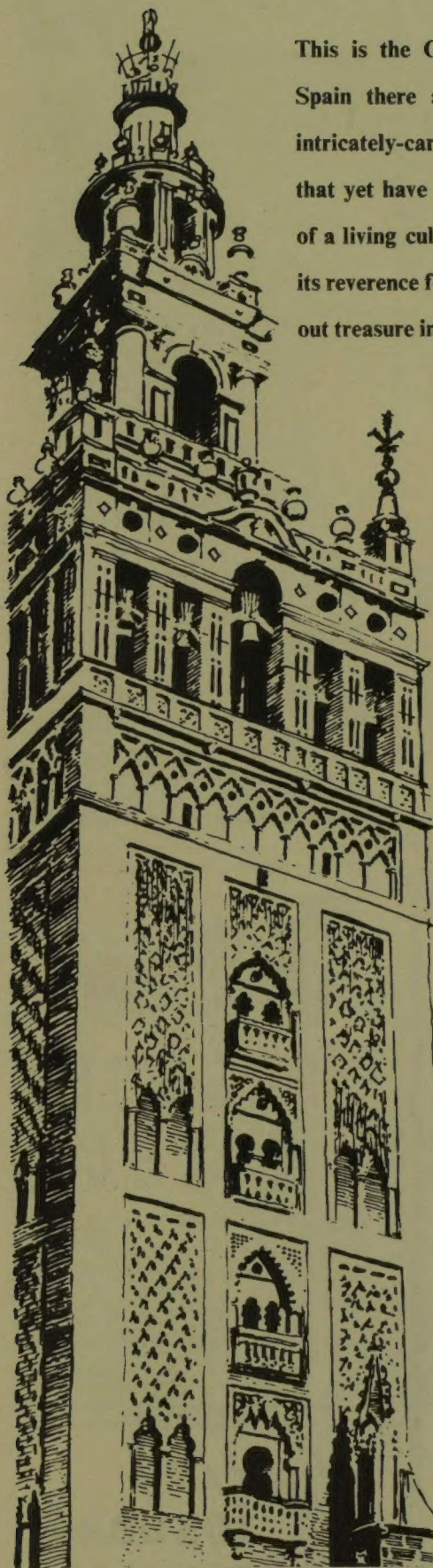
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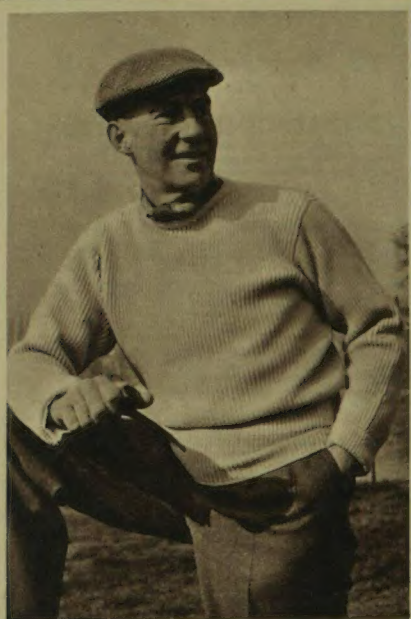
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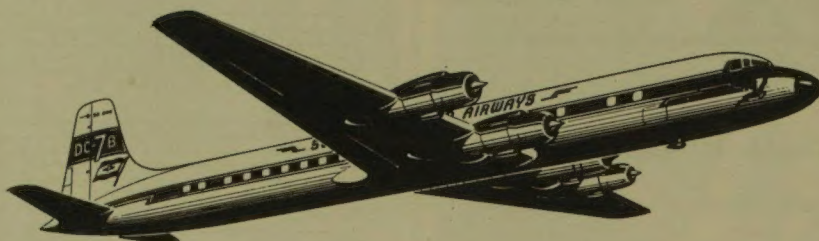
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